WOMEN IN WYOMING SUZANNE HUNSUCKER

THE NATION

NOVEMBER 9, 1970 35 cents

07019 N J EAST ORANGE
LIBRARY
UPSALA COLLEGE
PL-3633S
10-71R
AG

UPSALA COLLEGE
LIBRARY
NOV 4 - 1970
EAST ORANGE, N. J. 07019

PEACE AFTER TURMOIL

Israel Seeks Neighbors

Herbert Krosney

COMMUNES AND THE WORK CRISIS

Lewis M. Andrews

JACKSONVILLE TV

The Dynamite in Pollution

Charles Gillespie

Animal Gossip: Ardrey's Leviathan / Burton Bendow

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

square beefs

Arlington, Va.

DEAR SIRS: Maitland Zane's "Living Together in California," [*The Nation,* Oct. 19] was a vivid report on new fashions in living arrangements. But two items in it made me realize that the fires of Squaresville still burn in my breast:

(1) Zane cites the fact that the Charles Manson girls were happy to *belong* as evidence of the attractiveness of the expanded family. I see it more as a terrible indictment of the parents or guardians of these sad little girls. How cold and barren must their homes have been for Manson's misbegotten ménage to have appeared even bearable, let alone attractive to them.

(2) The Family's "natural, healthy attitude about sex" is difficult to buy. There is not only the question of what it was that the children were laughing at but also a large doubt about what "natural and healthy" means in a civilized society. I have known several hundred men and women with as many different approaches to the problem but, with the exception of my cat, nobody seems to have arrived at a satisfactory solution. *James J. Treires*

Long Island City, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: No doubt publications like *Screw* and *Rat* attract part of their readership by sprinkling their articles with "four-letter" words. But does *The Nation* have to follow them into the gutter? *Vide* last column of article on "Living Together in California."

As perhaps your longest-lived subscriber, dating from the days of World War I, I find your write-ups frequently so ground-breaking that I like to send them to friends who may not be so hardened as some to the current "youth" vocabulary. . . . So sometimes I refrain from the transmission —which is a social loss. Can you not take a second look at your present policy? *Solon De Leon*

eulogy for a workhorse

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: An obituary for anyone of prominence usually includes a eulogy. This was omitted in your October 5 article about the U.S. Postal Service by George A. Codding, Jr. The much maligned system is . . . required to deliver more mail than that of all the rest of the world combined, performs many services gratis, and then takes heavy abuse for not showing a profit! Notice that the pledge of ". . . neither rain nor snow nor gloom of night," has been kept. What is really killing the post office is America's total admiration for the big corporation, and the carefully propagandized corollary: contempt for any project operated by the federal government.

If we can spend $6 billion annually for outer space and moondoggling, $50 billion for war in Asia, etc., etc., surely we can appropriate $1 billion more and treat the United States to a really good postal service, complete with modernized equipment.

We allow American Telephone & Telegraph to become a $40-billion corporation, not to mention the enormous profits made on war contracts by its subsidiaries. We cheerfully carry the interest charges on its $13-billion debt, as well as the carrying charges on the $3 trillion of public and private debt owed by Americans. We call it inflation!

The American people do not know that in every other nation, communications as a whole are government-owned and -operated, and the profit from the telephone service used to subsidize the mail delivery. The only reason I know about it is that while living in Geneva in 1951, I was told of it by my son-in-law, who was writing his doctoral thesis on the International Telecommunications Union. His name is George A. Codding, Jr.

Vera M. Holcomb

EDITORIALS

The Revival of Heresy

Witch hunting, a sport that has lost ground in the United States since the 1950s, is baying on the trail once again. The signs are numerous but one especially warrants mention. Rep. Richard H. Ichord, chairman of the renamed House Committee on Internal Security, launched an inquiry which resulted in a preliminary report, "Limited Survey of Honoraria Given Guest Speakers at Colleges and Universities." The idea was to find out who was coming on campus to address students and possibly to put ideas into their heads.

The committee would do well to give some attention to its own internal security, for a copy of the document somehow fell into the hands of Lawrence Speiser of the American Civil Liberties Union branch in Washington. In the name of Nat Hentoff, the ACLU then brought a "class action" suit, seeking to restrain the committee from publishing the list. The case came before Judge Gerhard A. Gesell, a U.S. District Judge for the District of Columbia, who has in the past shown a deep concern for the Bill of Rights. Judge Gesell issued a temporary restraining order.

Ichord's fury knew no bounds. The restraining order was against the Superintendent of Documents, et al. Ichord called a press conference at which copies of the list were available. Thus, legally or illegally, he circumvented the court order, and a few newspapers—including, inexplicably, *The New York Times*—printed the list of some sixty-eight "radicals," without taking the trouble to check on the accuracy of their "affiliations," the legality of the proceeding, etc. The list included names such as those of Dr. John C. Bennett, former president of Union Theological Seminary, John Ciardi, the well-known poet, Jerome Skolnick, the distinguished criminologist, and of course Dr. Benjamin Spock, apostle of that new crime, "permissiveness," recently uncovered by Spiro Agnew.

The effect of publication of the list is highly prejudicial, and intended to be so. It is more or less injurious to those listed. It is intimidating in its effect on students and faculties and an invasion of academic freedom, and these aims are likewise manifest and intentional. If unchecked, these tendencies will be intensified. The case of Carl Rowan is instructive. A former director of the U.S. Information Agency, former U.S. Ambassador to Finland, and a widely syndicated columnist, he was twice barred as a speaker at Valley College in Van Nuys, Calif., and will finally be permitted to speak there later this year.

There are dangers also for the witch hunters in these encounters. Rep. John Ashbrook (R., Ohio) put into the *Congressional Record* for October 13 a list of "Communist" speakers on campuses, year by year, since 1960, with agonized outcries as to the effect of such persons on American youth. But Ashbrook was immediately unhorsed, for on October 12, Walter C. Sullivan, top assistant to J. Edgar Hoover, made a speech in which he said that the Communist Party "is not in any way causing or directing or controlling the unrest we suffer today in the racial field and in the academic community. . . . The Communist Party today is not nearly as extensive or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

effective as it was a number of years ago. . . ." He added that we would have problems from student dissent and racial unrest "to a greater or lesser extent if the Communist Party in this country didn't exist at all." This could be cited as an example of the therapy of free speech. Over a period of a decade, the more they spoke, the less influence the CP leaders had.

As we go to press, Judge Gesell has permanently enjoined the Superintendent of Documents and the Public Printer from printing the Ichord committee report, or distributing it or causing it to be distributed. This means that although it can be inserted in the *Congressional Record*, members of Congress cannot have reprints made by the Government Printing Office. Judge Gesell also set forth a finding that the report serves no legislative purpose and infringes on rights guaranteed by the First Amendment. Despite this notable decision, every individual and organization concerned with freedom of speech must be on guard.

First, the press should not publish lists or reports of the House Committee on Internal Security, without asking persons named for comments, and publishing these simultaneously with the documents. This would amount to a "fairness doctrine" for the printed media.

Second, litigation of the kind initiated in Washington by the ACLU should be pressed to a final decision. In particular, the courts should determine whether the immunity of a member of Congress extends to what he says, or to material he causes to be distributed, at a press conference.

Third, colleges and universities should refuse to cooperate with the witch-hunting committees. They should follow the example of Tufts University, whose vice president, John W. Scheetz, told Ichord: "We feel that the request [for names and honoraria of speakers] immediately suggests grave and ominous implications involving the constitutionally guaranteed right of free speech and other freedoms which the university has traditionally enjoyed and protected." (St. Louis University has also declined to supply information on campus speakers.) This statement puts in a few words the course that must be followed if the country is not to be disgraced by a revival of political heresy.

Sensible Diplomacy

The recent Canadian decision to establish diplomatic relations with Communist China is a triumph of good sense which, under current conditions, it is impossible even to imagine occurring in our country.

It was well understood by all the parties that if Ottawa decided to recognize Peking, a concomitant result would be the severance of diplomatic relations between Ottawa and Taiwan. The Nationalist Chinese Government claims sovereignty over all China, although the nearest it has come to asserting its dominion in recent times is the release of balloons over the Chinese mainland carrying mementos inscribed "Fight Mao, Save Country."

The Canadians handled the Taiwan problem adroitly. They refused to accede to the mainland proposal that Canada should formally recognize the Chinese Communist claim to Taiwan. Canada merely "noted" this claim.

IN THIS ISSUE

November 9, 1970

EDITORIALS

450

ARTICLES

455 Jacksonville TV: The Dynamite in Pollution — *Charles Gillespie*

457 Peace After Turmoil: Israel Seeks Neighbors — *Herbert Krosney*

460 Communes and the Work Crisis — *Lewis M. Andrews*

463 Buying Exports: The Billion-Dollar Subsidy — *Tom Stanton*

464 Hungary: Quiet Changes — *Thomas Land*

465 Women in Wyoming: "Who Wants Equality?" — *Suzanne Hunsucker*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

469 Ardrey: The Social Contract — *Burton Bendow*

470 Lifton: Boundaries — *Anthea Lahr*

472 Berry: Farming; Booth: Margins — *Roberts W. French*

474 Novak: The Experience of Nothingness; Novak: Naked I Leave — *Richard W. Fox*

476 Music — *David Hamilton*

476 The Heir Apparent (poem) — *Theodore Weiss*

477 Films — *Robert Hatch*

478 The Baler (poem) — *Hayden Carruth*

Publisher JAMES J. STORROW Jr. — Associate Publisher GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Editor CAREY McWILLIAMS — Associate Editor PHIL KERBY

Executive Editor ROBERT HATCH — Literary Editor EMILE CAPOUYA

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, ALLEN PLANZ; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON.

Editorial Associate, ERNEST GRUENING

Washington, ROBERT SHERRILL; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; UN, ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1970 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office: 825 South Barrington Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. **Address all manuscripts and editorial correspondence to the New York office.**

Subscription Price: One year $12.50; two years, $23. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 211

No. 15

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Our position," the Canadian Foreign Minister explained, "is that the Canadian Government does not consider it appropriate either to endorse or to challenge the Chinese Government's position on the status of Taiwan." However, the Canadian position on establishing diplomatic relations with Communist China is by no means negative. The Canadians expect to set up cultural and educational exchanges, to arrange for consular representation, and to expand the already large volume of trade between the two countries.

The Canadian attitude appears to embody a foolproof formula for any nation that wishes to recognize the 800-million pariah on the Chinese mainland. It is not a pariah in the eyes of forty-six nations with which it maintains diplomatic relations. These include eight European nations aligned with the West: Britain, France, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland. Even the United States allows its ambassador in Warsaw to confer occasionally with his Chinese opposite number. But otherwise our hands are tied by our military alliance with Taiwan and our futile attempt to build a *cordon sanitaire* against communism in Southeast Asia, a piece of folly from which Canada has stood aloof.

The Six Counties at the UN

The question of Northern Ireland has at last been raised at the United Nations. Last month British Prime Minister Edward Heath and Irish Prime Minister Jack Lynch both spoke at length of civil rights and violence in the Six Counties. What they said was significant for all the people of these islands, though it has brought no comfort to the Unionists at Stormont.

Mr. Lynch referred in his speech to the fund of good will between Britain and Ireland, and expressed the hope that the British Government would honor its pledge to insure that normal democratic standards and rights prevailed in the Six Counties. He ruled out all question of force in settling the problems of the North. And it is perhaps worth noting that the "lesser men"—men like Brian Faulkner and William Craig—who are engaged in what *An Taoiseach* called "petty intrigues and maneuvering" at Stormont, have been forecasting recently that there will be prolonged violence in the Six Counties.

Both Faulkner and Craig see the extremists as existing only on the one side. Neither has ever admitted that there are perhaps even more dangerous extremists on the so-called Loyalist side. In fact, their strategy is not to condemn Unionist terrorism but to plead with their own militants "not to undermine the Loyalist cause." But it was evidently the Unionist extremists whom Mr. Heath had in mind when he told the United Nations that the basic division in the Six Counties was not between Catholics and Protestants but between "those who believe that constructive change is the only sound basis for peace and those who reach at the first opportunity for the rifle and the bomb." It certainly cannot have escaped Mr. Heath's notice that among the advocates of the "Ulster will fight" solution is William Craig, the former Stormont Minister of Home Affairs.

Perhaps more important than the formal speeches made by Mr. Lynch and Mr. Heath was the informal talk they had together for more than an hour at the Waldorf-Astoria. The heads of the two governments were getting together and, perhaps for the first time in fifty years, Stormont was not consulted. Mr. Heath and Mr. Lynch have agreed to maintain the closest possible contacts on the Six County problem and to meet for further talks in the New Year. They will proceed on the understanding that it is in the interests of the British people and of the Irish people to end the tensions in the North.

The New York talks probably explain why Mr. Faulkner, who for nearly a year has been trying hard to present the face of moderation, is returning to what can only be described as a hard-line attitude. While the Stormont Premier, Capt. James Chichester-Clark, has been somewhat conciliatory in his recent speeches, Faulkner has been more and more militant. Perhaps he believes that if Chichester-Clark is about to be deposed, a show of militancy at this stage will enhance his chances of getting the premiership next time around.

But there may be no next time. As Dr. Robert McKenzie, the political scientist and television commen-

Porno Politics

The chief obscenity of the electoral campaign now ended is that politicians of the Nixon-Agnew type should raise such an uproar over the so-called "social issues," by way of avoiding discussion of real issues, such as foreign policy, Vietnam, inflation, unemployment, racial unrest, etc.

Whatever may be said about "social issues," it is impossible to debate them politically. A debate requires parties pro and con. But where are politicians to be found who are *for* pornography and obscenity? Or *for* crime, organized or unorganized? Or *for* the wider diffusion of heroin, say, at bargain prices?

Of all the phony non-issues that abounded in the campaigns, pornography was the phoniest. It afforded one of those delightful punching-bag situations in which politicians could vie with one another in denouncing smut-hounds, corrupters of youth, and other fiends straight out of hell. As a perfect example, Richard the Pure of Heart beat his breast and "totally rejected" the report of the National Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, blaming its alleged tolerance of sin on the Democrats and, by implication, on Lyndon B. Johnson. The fact is that the commission was an idea of both Houses of the Congress, which passed legislation creating the commission. All Mr. Johnson did was appoint the members.

Normally, such a commission has liaison with the White House through someone on the Presidential staff. In this case Patrick Buchanan, one of the President's speech tator, has stated, the suspension of Stormont is much nearer than most people think. And if Stormont is suspended, not only will it never be revived but the onus will be upon Westminster and Dublin to devise a more democratic solution to the question of partition in Ireland. That again is why the forthcoming Heath-Lynch talks could be of major significance. ANDREW BOYD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERARY EDITOR

Beverly Gross has resigned as literary editor of *The Nation* to accept an academic and administrative post at Queens College. It was from Queens that Miss Gross came to *The Nation*, where for more than a year she handled the book section of the magazine with imagination and distinction.

With this issue, Emile Capouya becomes literary editor. His name will be familiar to many of our readers, since he has been a *Nation* contributor for more than a decade. Mr. Capouya has worked in publishing houses over the past twenty years, most recently as editorial director of Funk & Wagnalls, and as founder and president of North River Books. He has lectured on American and European literature at the New School and Bard College. The editors take great pleasure in welcoming him to the staff.

writers, was designated—in itself an indication that "the game plan" from the outset was to play politics with the commission's findings. The report, 800 pages long, was completed while Mr. Nixon was in Europe, and it is extremely doubtful that it has received serious study by him or by anyone who could brief him about it. Even now, the report has not been published, although mimeographed copies are available. But the Senate could not wait to reject it—by a vote of 60 to 5—even before the President rejected its conclusions as "morally bankrupt." For the record, the five Senators who declined to go along with this craven Congressional stampede were: Case, Javits, McGovern, Mondale and Young.

Dean William Lockhart of the University of Minnesota Law School, chairman of the commission, has pointed out that it was not the commission's job to please the President. And he adds: "My hope and expectation is that when the research papers are studied in a calm atmosphere uncomplicated by election appeals, the result will be a far more careful appraisal of public policy in this emotion-charged area." In the meantime, the treatment of the commission members is still another example of the shameless way in which this Administration plays cheap politics with any issue that comes to hand—even when this involves a public slap at men and women who, at the request of a President, undertook a thankless public service.

Malign Neglect

In the understandably alarmed comment about bombs, bombings and bombers, there is a tendency to view all such terrorism as the work of left-wing zealots—or lunatics. Investigations indicate that many minor bombings are not political at all: they are the work of gangsters, private revenge-seekers, blackmailers, et al. And when a clear case of right-wing bombing occurs, the federal government views it with a calm bordering on anesthesia.

This is the more remarkable in a recent case involving freedom of speech and communications, for which the Nixon Administration has repeatedly expressed great solicitude. On March 1, the Pacifica Foundation opened its fourth FM radio station, this one in Houston, Tex., with call letters KPFT. Everyone who has listened to the programs of its stations in New York City, Los Angeles and Berkeley, Calif., knows two things about Pacifica: (*1*) It follows a policy of scrupulous fairness in controversial matters. (*2*) It must constantly scramble for subscribers to keep its transmitters on the air.

The first characteristic involves giving a hearing to persons who find it difficult or impossible to get air time on commercial radio, which in turn arouses animosity on the part of those freedom-loving Americans who feel that freedom should apply to them alone. The indignation of some of these patrioteers culminated on May 16 in the destruction by bombing of the KPFT transmitter. Nothing much was left, but the station managed to raise the funds for a new transmitter, which went on the air June 1 and lasted until October 6, when it was dynamited a second time and has not been able to resume operation. It needs $185,000—$100,000 for facilities and $85,000 for operating expenses. Only about one-fourth of the money is in sight.

An additional complication is that the insurance companies now regard KPFT as a bad risk, so that it has been unable to lease antenna space. There must be plenty of suitable towers in the Houston area, but it is no more difficult to bomb a tower than a transmitter house.

In this plight, the station has been getting fair community support. The *Houston Post* editorialized and offered a $1,500 reward for the apprehension of the bombers. The *Houston Chronicle* did not take editorial notice but gave good news coverage. The TV stations have also reported on KPFT's plight.

The transmitter is in the county area, outside of the city, so responsibility for the solution of the crime falls on the sheriff. There are widespread reports that a splinter group of the Ku Klux Klan has claimed credit for the bombing, but though there is no indication that he is not doing his best the sheriff has not come up with a solution. The crucial question is why what is clearly a federal crime should be left to the limited staff of a local law-enforcement officer. Plenty of federal statutes are involved, such as the one making it a crime to deprive a citizen of rights guaranteed under the Constitution. Moreover, a radio station is a special type of facility, and while FM stations are not designed for long-range broadcasting, KPFT could undoubtedly be heard by vessels in the Gulf of Mexico, and probably had coverage in nearby areas of Louisiana. Thus the bombing of the transmitter has interstate aspects. Yet the FBI has refused to enter the case, despite the threat to the broadcasting industry at large.

Dean Burch, chairman of the FCC, has called on the National Association of Broadcasters to take whatever steps are necessary to insure that broadcasting stations are protected from bombings. The association has officers in Houston who have expressed the industry's concern. But Mr. Burch might better have asked the FBI to lend a hand in the investigation.

KPFT has not aired far-out opinions. It has run Southern Christian Leadership programs, has gone after police

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

corruption, and has had a few things to say about a local Black Panther case. It has received very little hate mail. Every radio station—AM or FM, commercial or noncommercial, and every TV station—offends some people. So what is the FBI waiting for? If bombers can get away with knocking a Pacifica transmitter off the air in Houston, how long will it be before somebody dynamites the network outlets in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles or wherever?

A Professor Gags

Seabury Ford, 68, is a Ravenna, Ohio, lawyer and chairman of the Portage County Republican Party. He was one of three attorneys appointed by the Attorney General of Ohio to present evidence before the local grand jury which has indicted some twenty-five individuals—including faculty and students, but no National Guardsmen—for the Kent State campus killings. The judge in charge of the grand jury has, of course, imposed severe restrictions on comment about the indictments and report. But Mr. Ford did not take these admonitions seriously, either as a citizen or as an officer of the court. In an interview with William Schmidt of the *Detroit Free Press,* Ford was quoted as saying that National Guardsmen "should have shot all the troublemakers. . . . I think the whole damn country is not going to quiet down until the police are ordered to shoot to kill." He is convinced, he says, that the troubles at Kent State were financed by money which came to the campus from Russia and Cuba via the United Nations.

This ardent advocate of "shoot to kill" Republican law and order has been named by the Ohio Board of Regents to preside at academic hearings which have been scheduled for students who were arrested during the campus disturbances. During the same interview, he is quoted as saying that he agreed with what he called the average opinion of most people in the Kent-Ravenna area: "Why didn't the Guard shoot more of them?"

Dr. Glenn W. Frank, 42-year-old professor of geology and a campus moderate, found Ford's remarks difficult to swallow. "I have spent seventeen years teaching college students geology, a lust for life, and a respect for our laws and our system. I speak now in contempt of court, in contempt of the naive and stupid conclusions of the special grand jury, specifically as to their reasons for the May 4 disturbances, in contempt of Judge Edwin Jones for the gag rule placed on [Kent State] President [Robert] White and in personal contempt for lawyer Seabury Ford for his lack of understanding after sixty-eight years of what I believe is a wasted life. . . . I cannot live with a conscience that permits people to say they should have shot all troublemakers." After making this statement, Dr. Frank said that he was not afraid of the consequences of ignoring the court order. "I'm hoping something will happen. I love KSU and love the students in it, and I can't see this happening."

He did not have to wait long. At the insistence of the Portage County Bar Association, Judge Jones has cited both Ford and Professor Frank for contempt. In asking that they be cited, the Bar Association has called for "severe sanctions." Both men have entered pleas of guilty but sentences have been deferred, pending the outcome of court actions designed to test the validity of Judge Jones's "no comment" order. Since Mr. Ford has pleaded guilty, it may be assumed that he was quoted accurately in the original news story despite his attempt to deny that he had said what he was quoted as saying. But query: will the Ohio Board of Regents now revoke its designation of Mr. Ford as its agent to preside at hearings for students who had been arrested? It should—and promptly.

How Green Is Green?

The award of a Nobel Peace Prize to Norman E. Borlaug, one of a team that produced the high-yield grains of the much touted "Green Revolution," is a refreshing bit of news. It is as though the awards committee had turned from rhetoric to practical performance, from exhortation to foodstuff. In this sense the award is well deserved.

But the occasion provides an opportunity to underscore a word of caution which Dr. Borlaug has himself stressed. The gains in production achieved by high-yield grains have, over the last three years, induced not merely optimism but a degree of euphoria. But as William C. Paddock has pointed out (*BioScience,* August 15, 1970; see also his "Aid and Resources," *The Nation*, April 19, 1965), "the revolution is green only because it is being viewed through green-colored glasses." Far and away the most important factor in increased production of recent years has been improved weather conditions. A drought followed by rain will cause a spurt in production, with or without new technology. As Mr. Paddock notes, "When crops are *poor,* governments blame it on the weather. When crops are *good,* governments take the credit."

The new seeds are important, but several factors limit their effectiveness: the extent to which irrigation is available, the degree to which governments can subsidize the introduction of the new grains, as by providing fertilizer and pesticides, as well as water. One expert has said that "the land where this new technology, this Green Revolution, applies is a postage stamp on the face of the earth." More important, increased production has not yet been able to keep pace with increased population. At best, improved food production has bought time in which the world can take stock of what must be done; it has solved nothing. And it has not bought as much time as some think.

Moreover, food cannot be separated from other problems of poverty. Jean Mayer, President Nixon's Adviser on Food and Nutrition, estimates that it would take $3.5 billion more than is now being spent to solve the problem of hunger in the United States, for if the poor are to be properly fed, their purchasing power must be raised. This estimate for the United States gives some notion of what it would cost to solve the food needs of the developing world. For these and other reasons, Paddock concludes, the notion that the Green Revolution has solved the problem is at best premature. If it diverts attention from the fact that the problem is very much still with us, its effect could be disastrous.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JACKSONVILLE TV

THE DYNAMITE IN POLLUTION

CHARLES GILLESPIE
Mr. Gillespie is a free-lance writer living in Memphis.

Eleven months ago, Charles Thompson joined the news staff of WJXT, a television station in Jacksonville, Fla. "We have no sacred cows here," a station executive told Thompson and, as a matter of fact, WJXT had made a name for itself as north Florida's most aggressive news medium. Its reporters repeatedly scooped the stodgy Jacksonville newspapers; stories put on the air resulted in the indictment and dismissal of several city and state officials for conflicts of interest, misuse of public funds and a variety of other offenses. A WJXT stringer broke the story of Judge Carswell's white supremacy speech, a story that did much to keep the judge from a seat on the Supreme Court and thus, presumably, somewhat altered the course of American history.

This fall, Thompson was back in his home town of Memphis, having barely survived the stampede of a herd of sacred cows. He was dismissed from his job because he did it entirely too well. "You've managed to step on every toe that can be stepped on," Bill Grove, the station's news director, told Thompson. His offense: the reporting of pollution in the Jacksonville area. This year's unifying issue has become as nasty as its subject.

From March, when he was first given the pollution assignment, until late June, Thompson prepared a series of explosive documentaries, interviews and news stories that named names, displayed proof and aroused public support. They also aroused indignant polluters and well-stung politicians, and produced bomb threats against Thompson's life. Thompson, 28, is a mild-mannered man with a surprisingly rich background for his years. He started as a reporter for the (Memphis) *Commercial Appeal* while still a student at Memphis State University. During a three-and-one-half-year Navy career he collected eighteen decorations in two Vietnamese tours, including thirteen months with the Marines as a forward artillery observer. After that, he worked briefly with the Austin *American-Statesman*, and for a year and a half with the *Nashville Tennessean*, before joining WJXT, one of the three television stations owned by *The Washington Post-Newsweek* organization.

"I've covered civil rights marches, jail riots, just about every type of rough reporting, but this conservation thing is the one that really scared the hell out of me," Thompson said recently. It is ironic that when he was asked to accept the conservation assignment, Thompson warned WJXT executives that the subject was volatile, that it would arouse strong audience response but would also injure the feelings of "some of the biggest fat cats in the world."

One of the first of the walking wounded was Fred Schultz, a candidate for the Senate whose platform included a strong conservation plank. Schultz is chairman of the board of Florida Wire and Cable, cited as a major polluter of water in Duval County (Jacksonville), and Thompson pointed out that his platform was not without loose boards. (He lost in the primaries.) Subsequent stories won Thompson new enemies. Using statistics obtained from state agencies "and no interpretation at all," Thompson named the St. Regis Paper Company as another enormous polluter, even though a St. Regis board member, Denholm Smith, sits on the local water quality control board. Thompson also pointed out that Glidden-Durkee, a division of Smith-Corona, had been cited for both air and water pollution, despite the presence of company executive John Drew on the air quality control board. Nor did he make his old employer, the United States Navy, any more grateful for past services by describing their two huge bases in the Jacksonville area as better destroyers of the environment than of the enemies of democracy.

"Our responses were terrific," Thompson said. "We were inundated with letters and they were all good too, which surprised the station—especially after Agnew. Fishermen, fish-camp owners and people like that were delighted. They'd been looking for years for someone to talk to. Both papers in Jacksonville are owned by the Seaboard Coastline railroad, which hauls wood to the pulp mills, and they're not about to write anything that might damage a railroad customer."

Then, abruptly, Thompson ran into trouble. The sta-

Dunnett (Canada)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion's general manager, Jim Lynagh, was dropped from the Downtown Rotary Club, "and I think I got a share of the blame." Another station executive told Thompson he hated to attend luncheon meetings because "the industrial guys" were spoiling his meals. The Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce protested that the station was "trying to keep Jacksonville from developing."

Despite these early complaints, Thompson kept directing his fire at a wide range of targets. Beechwood chips from Anheuser Busch's new brewery were clogging the city sewer system and polluting the St. John's River, a situation dramatized by a Jacksonville lady who dumped a bucket of the brewery sludge on the floor of the city council. When a Thompson story resulted in the canceling of advertising by Confederate Point Apartments, the advertising director of WJXT told the reporter he was "going to give me a list of all the station's customers, so I could hit them systematically instead of one by one." From then on, all of Thompson's scripts were "reviewed" by the advertising department.

During one of Thompson's specials, a sixty-minute unsponsored documentary, he was double-crossed by a spokesman he had persuaded to present industry's side of the problem. After being repeatedly turned down, Thompson finally lined up Smith, of the St. Regis Paper Company, and John Bowden, president of the Building Trades Council, to give his panel a balance of two conservationists, two industrialists and two enforcement officials. When Bowden's turn came, he destroyed the balance by denouncing industry for killing workers with lung cancer and emphysema. Smith thereupon wrote a 3-page letter complaining that the show had been unfair to industry, but Thompson says: "I thought the show was ludicrous—castrated really—it said so little. We had very little latitude and in a normal town the whole thing would have been shrugged off. It was completely innocuous and bland and didn't go far enough on either side."

Thompson's big fight, however, came outside Jacksonville, in the small mill town of Fernandina Beach where, for thirty years, ITT Rayonier has operated a textile and pulp paper plant employing almost 500 people. Conservationists have charged Rayonier with destroying 10,000 acres of oyster beds, with eliminating the area's clam population entirely, and with soaking every fish in the neighborhood with noxious oils.

Thompson accused Rayonier of pumping 40 million gallons of fresh water out of the ground each day and discharging 25 million gallons of industrial wastes, daily, into the Amelia River and the Atlantic Ocean—approximately the amount of waste a city of half a million people would produce if they tried hard enough. Rayonier spokesmen denied any extensive damage to marine life in Nassau County, and plant manager B. L. Rauschert expressed puzzlement that the state had rejected the company's plan for spending $7 million for new treatment facilities, including a pipeline that would dump the wastes 2.5 miles out in the sea.

A Fernandina Beach conservationist, Eber Phillips, appeared on one of Thompson's specials to complain that the pipeline could not be monitored and that "within a week or a month the mill might be dumping anything in the world into this pipeline." Phillips added: "The newspapers claim that they will remove 90 per cent of the solids from the pipeline. Performance in the past has proved that Rayonier doesn't always do exactly what they say they're going to do. We want to be able to see the results of their pollution plan and we can't monitor it if it's 2.5 miles offshore."

William Crane, owner of Bill's Boat Center at Fernandina Beach, has been catching shrimp in the area for forty-five years. He told Thompson a normal day's catch used to be 2,000 or 3,000 pounds, but since the introduction of pollution to the shrimps' diet, a good day's net is 15 or 20 pounds. Crane said porpoises and tarpons have disappeared, and Rayonier was blamed.

Shortly after his report on the destruction of the oyster beds, Thompson began receiving long-distance telephone calls from angry voices identifying themselves as Rayonier employees. They promised to shoot, kill, drop in the river, and otherwise interfere with Thompson's person if he did not lay off that company. "They sounded damn serious," Thompson said later. "When a guy has been working eighteen or nineteen years and the only trade he knows is log presser for a pulp mill, and he thinks he's going to lose that job because of a story you've written, he gets scared. Even though he has to breathe that air, drink that water, and can't find any oysters, you can't rationalize with a man who thinks he's going to lose his job. You can't tell him he could have it all if the mill would just live up to the law."

Devant Purvis, personnel manager at Rayonier, denied that the company had circulated reports of a possible shutdown, but added: "We're a pulp mill operation with a tremendous amount of effluent disposal. If it becomes impossible to dispose of these wastes, people could logically draw the conclusion that there would be nothing left but to close the plant." Thompson continued to report on the Fernandina Beach situation, but "I felt like I was back in Vietnam without a gun." Eber Phillips, the conservationist who had appeared with Thompson, did begin carrying a gun.

Although WJXT never fed a report of the Fernandina Beach controversy to its parent network, CBS, the situation did get an airing when an ABC crew filmed a news segment that corroborated Thompson's original report. At approximately the same time an advertisement appeared in a Jacksonville newspaper asking for signatures on a petition repudiating the Thompson story and supporting the company's pollution program. The closing line in the advertisement said: "This petition did not originate from any managerial personnel at ITT Rayonier." The petitions were to be mailed to Milt Shirley, assistant to one of the company spokesmen.

Thompson was told he "was a lucky young man to still be alive," and ITT Rayonier dispatched Jerome D. Gregoire, manager of employee and public relations services, from its New York offices "to make arrangements." Thompson says that he is not certain what arrangements Gregoire had in mind but was told, "If you leave the station before things get too rough you might give us a call."

The station's new director wanted to kill the bomb

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

threat against Thompson on the theory that "it makes us look bad." Meanwhile pressure from industrialists, the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce, advertisers, and some political figures apparently began to weary WJXT's executives. Thompson was called into Grove's office, told he had offended everybody he could, "and it's gotten to the point we can do without your services."

"When I started pinning him down it all boiled down to my pollution reporting," Thompson said. "He told me they'd continue to run stories, but they'd be a lot less specific. I got credit for blocking the dredging of Jacksonville Harbor, for trying to keep an oil refinery from coming into town, and for stopping the Cross Florida Barge Canal. That's what management said, but none of it was true.

"Compared to some of the things the networks did and the reporting the *St. Petersburg Times* and *Miami Herald* did in other parts of Florida, we weren't even in the same league. To me that's a shame. We could have done a much better job. The station had a monopoly on the news audience, something like 82 per cent of the six o'clock audience, and the newspapers were so bland. We could have done so much more.

"I shouldn't have been surprised, but this was a station that had a reputation for aggressiveness. Now they're out chasing ambulances, looking for fender benders. The stringer who broke the Carswell story has been taken off the payroll. They want good topics like crime in the streets, but don't name names. That's like telling people there's been a murder but not telling them who's been murdered or who did the murdering."

Thompson, who has returned to Memphis to rejoin *The Commercial Appeal,* believes the straw that determined his fate was delivered the afternoon he took John Nelson, a Florida insurance man interested in conservation, to see some WJXT executives. Nelson wanted Jacksonville residents to pick out selected industries and file suits under the 1899 Federal Refuse Act, which would require the Corps of Engineers to halt pollution of the waterways. By then Thompson's relations with his employers had deteriorated ("I told him my days were numbered, but I didn't know they were numbered by seven"), but he offered to sit quietly by while Nelson explained his proposal and his hopes for publicizing the plan.

In the midst of the discussion Nelson said: "Not only the Prudential Building and the city of Jacksonville but Channel 4 (WJXT) takes the chemicals it uses to process its film and flushes them into the river." "They asked me if this was true," Thompson recalled. "I said, 'Hell yeah, when can we put it on the air?' They said 'Never.'" □

PEACE AFTER TURMOIL

ISRAEL SEEKS NEIGHBORS

HERBERT KROSNEY

Mr. Krosney, a frequent contributor to The Nation, *is a producer of documentaries in Israel. A former producer with National Educational Television, he is the author of* Beyond Welfare: Poverty in the Supercity *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston).*

Jerusalem

During the civil war in Jordan, most sentiment in Israel was on the side of King Hussein. Israelis were not sorry to watch the terrorists get a bloody nose. They knew the result of the carnage in Jordan would necessarily be a period of quiet for the residents of the Bet Shean valley and the settlements on the Golan Heights and along the Lebanese frontier. For the first time in three years, both Israel's Eastern (Jordan-Syrian-Lebanese) and Western (Egyptian) fronts were quiet.

Yet there was also some sentiment in Israel for having the terrorists take the reins in Jordan. This may surprise Westerners, and particularly Americans, who have always felt sympathy for the courageous little King and his band of corrupt cousins and uncles who have ruled the desert sheikhdom which the British arbitrarily split off from its mandated Palestine area in the early 1920s.

The dovish Hebrew University professor, Shlomo Avineri, put the case for terrorist control of Jordan rather well on Israel radio. He said that, should the terrorists take power, they might possibly become responsible. In any case, Professor Avineri continued, the Palestinian-Israeli skirmishes across the Jordan River would then be put on a clear and unequivocal country-versus-country basis. The Palestinian government of Jordan/Palestine would be forced to take responsibility for military offensives committed from its territory. And Jordan/Palestine would be unlikely to enjoy the Western support which has so successfully shielded and isolated Hussein from Israeli reprisal.

Most important, perhaps—and this point was made to me almost two years ago by a high Israeli intelligence officer—a Palestinian-controlled government in Jordan would mean a country for Palestinians on what many acknowledge to be Palestinian soil, a fact which would certainly reduce the effectiveness of Arab arguments concerning the "lack of a country" for this unfortunate and misled Arab group. The terrorists threatened to overthrow Hussein and establish a Palestinian government, a policy they had specifically refused to adopt in the past three years. They have always known the consequences of such a policy and tried to avoid it. For a brief time, they seemed to be jumping into the booby trap.

However, the Jordanian war was temporarily ended through a truce in which the Arab heads of state committed themselves to the Palestinian revolution and Israel's destruction. Then Nasser had his heart attack and died.

It has been said by many commentators that Nasser

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was the only Arab leader with the prestige and influence to bring the Arab countries to peace with Israel. Many are convinced that Nasser was sincere in his desire for peace, but he seemed almost haphazardly chosen for his Pan-Arabic role. He was leader of a country which has never been considered "Arab" except in the last two decades, and it is doubtful that twenty years ago Nasser considered himself an Arab. Miles Copeland, in *The Game of Nations*, describes how Nasser probably did not think there was such an entity as "the Arab people."

Yet somehow this man became the embodiment of Pan-Arabic hopes. I think the evidence denies his statesmanship. He had eighteen years to accomplish a peace settlement with Israel and he failed. Meanwhile, as Nasser fiddled, his dreams of a social revolution in Egypt burned. Population increase erased any progress he managed to stimulate. Poverty in Egypt was endemic and legendary. The lethargy of the Egyptian masses continued.

Anwar Sadat, chosen to lead Egypt within a surprisingly short time after Nasser's death, could only follow in Nasser's path and invoke that magic name. He immediately mouthed the required words, promising to liberate "Arab lands" held by Israel. His Foreign Minister, Mahmoud Riad, stated that Egypt desired to continue the cease-fire but that none of the new, and contested, missile installations would be removed. Israel must come to the talks without preconditions. Israel threw the ball back into Egypt's court, saying that it would not talk unless the missiles were removed, and that talks with a party who so blatantly broke agreements did not hold much promise. It was obvious that a cease-fire on the Suez front could be acceptable to Egypt only if it could show its population and the other Arab countries some political movement toward peace; anything else would be tantamount to recognizing the cease-fire lines as at least a *de facto* frontier. One can be thankful that the cease-fire had been agreed to only a month and a half before Nasser died. It can and possibly will continue beyond the November 5 deadline, while Egypt is still sorting itself out.

I repeat all this recent history to make a point: that Israel's apparent "minimums" in peace negotiations are basically realistic within the context of the current turmoil and underlying instability of the Arab world. What are these minimums?

Israel's greatest danger lies on its Western front. Paradoxically, here, where the threat is large, the answers for any peace negotiations seem simplest. Egypt is Israel's only significant military enemy, the only country remotely capable of defeating Israel in war. The Suez Canal cease-fire line has certainly given Israel more security than it has ever had in its twenty-two years as a state. It takes under five hours to drive from Jerusalem to the Canal, less than three hours from Gaza; yet those 150-odd miles make all the difference between an Israel with a dagger at its throat, and an Israel with a significant buffer area between itself and potential destruction.

Borders seem to be the key question from the Arab point of view and for much of the world (in itself, that is a triumph for Arab propaganda). Israelis have been reluctant to "draw maps," and have on more than one occasion stated that borders are largely a question of intentions. An Israel that knows it can live in political and economic cooperation with its neighbors does not need the same borders as an Israel besieged. The problem with the Arab world is that intentions and governments can change almost overnight.

Huffaker, Raleigh News & Observer

I drove down through Sinai in September, passing through the Mitla, the scene of 1956's great tank battle and a second fight in 1967. The charred relics are still strewn along the road. I saw the giant oil fields at Abu Rodeis and Ras El Sudr, pumping oil just as they always have, but now into Israeli storage and refining tanks. I climbed into the jagged, rocky mountains of East Central Sinai, and stopped in a Bedouin village where I was able to buy Egyptian cigarettes smuggled across the Gulf of Suez by Bedouins. I saw mixed Israeli-Arab work crews drilling holes in these rugged hills to find water which would be invaluable both to tourism and to the local villagers. The Bedouins watched with amazement, curiosity and friendship.

This buffer area includes a lot of sand and rock, and it is one of the mystical and holy areas of the world. It is not, however, Eretz Israel, and the Israelis offer no historical claims to it. Israel has as much as stated that it is willing to trade Sinai for peace, so long as adequate assurance can be given that Sinai will not become once again a staging area for Egyptian troops. Withdrawal here would have to be conditioned on some guarantee that Egyptian forces could not come again to Sinai. Words, even a signed agreement, would probably not be enough. That is why the cease-fire violations undertaken by Russia and Egypt loom so large for the Israelis.

There is one exception to the withdrawal from Sinai, one area where Israel believes its vital interests are affected. That is a strip of land along the Eastern Sinai coast on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Gulf of Aqaba, from Eilat to Sharm el Sheikh. Israel is not prepared to withdraw from Sharm el Sheikh, and then to be forced in another ten years to go to war again for this strip of desert. There is no historical reason for Israel to entrust its shipping to an international force, Soviet or American troops, or to the good will of the Egyptians. A new modern highway is just being finished along this coast. Tourist facilities have been developed at what the Israelis call "Sharm." They represent a considerable investment by an Israeli-born Los Angeles millionaire, Amnon Barness. But Israel looks on Sharm el Sheikh as far more than a place with magnificent desert and ocean landscape. The heights at "Sharm" control Israel's gateway south.

An Italian magazine recently reported from Egypt that Cairo would be willing to concede Sharm el Sheikh to the Israelis in return for the inclusions of Gaza in a Palestinian state. While Israel rejected the suggestion, and Egypt denied the report, it is clear that the actual negotiating positions of Egypt and Israel as regards *their* borders are close enough to be within talking distance.

Israel's Eastern front is less dangerous militarily to Israel, but politically more complicated. What is Jordan? What is Palestine? Who are the Palestinians, and even if one could define who they are, who represents them and with what authority? Can King Hussein negotiate on their behalf? The questions are endless and they were not settled by the civil war in Jordan.

The problems are not military. From Israel's point of view, the Syrian and Iraqi armies, representing the rival Ba'ath party regimes in the respective countries, are about as competent in military affairs as these countries' leaders are in politics. The Jordanian army is brilliant by Arab standards and competent by normal yardsticks, but they did not particularly distinguish themselves against the terrorists. The terrorist attacks across the Lebanese and Jordan Valley borders are annoying pinpricks, but they do not threaten Israel's basic security, and probably are as menacing to the Arab governments concerned as to Israel. The terrorists, ballyhoo in the Western press notwithstanding, have proved themselves incapable as a guerrilla force (except to some extent in the recent Jordan fighting), and clearly incompetent in organizing resistance to Israel on the West Bank. They are divided among themselves, and thus weak. They want to unite, yet from a military point of view that would actually be an advantage to Israel. The guerrillas would have to centralize their command and operations, thus becoming a far more predictable enemy. Israeli intelligence could more easily penetrate and make informed assessments of what up to now have been totally erratic efforts. In sum, the factors currently limiting the guerrillas' military effectiveness would, if corrected, enhance Israel's defensive capabilities against them.

The potential effectiveness of the terrorists' operations against Israel is partly a question of distance, and thus of borders. The only real danger they would represent would be if they could operate from the West Bank across the old Israeli armistice line with Jordan. Thus any political settlement would have to insure Israel that the terrorists would not return to Tulkarm and Qulkilya, to conduct raids against Tel Aviv about 15 miles distant.

The Israeli position in negotiations is again dictated mainly by security considerations. Most Israelis have no desire to rule over the 750,000 residents of the West Bank. Yet this area would have to be demilitarized, and Israel would like its security border—as opposed to "political" border—to stay exactly where it is today, on the banks of the Jordan. The "Allon Plan," developed by deputy Prime Minister Yigal Allon, embraces this formula. The West Bank would have such political independence as it desired, but no Arab troops could be stationed within it, and Israel's border against Arab armies would continue to be the Jordan River.

The West Bank represents other complex problems for Israel. First of all, it is truly part of Eretz Israel. The right-wing parties have a good point when they state that if the Jews have a moral right to Tel Aviv, then they have more a moral right to live in Hebron. But political leaders in Israel have since 1936 accepted the idea of partition—of a Palestine divided into a Jewish area and an Arab area, each constituted as a state or an area with self-government. The Arabs fought against the idea of partition in 1947 and 1948 and for the idea of an Arab-dominated unitary state. Partition of Palestine remains today the overwhelming sentiment of the majority of Israelis, and probably a majority of Palestinians.

Such a partition would have to include, however, the rights of Jews to live in the Arab half of the country. Today more than 300,000 Arabs live in the Jewish half, and there is no reason why Jews should not be allowed to live in the Arab half. The heart of the Israelite Kingdoms was centered there and it holds many of the holiest spots of the Jewish religion.

Peace would also include a continuing process of economic integration between the West Bank and Israel, as envisioned in the UN's original partition scheme in 1947. Today, this economic integration is a reality, and it is growing all the time. A good many Jews, including Golda Meir, have during the course of these last three years been skeptical of economic integration, because they fear that the Arabs will develop as a subservient and dependent subclass of laborers, thus creating serious long-term problems. Many worry more about the psychological effect of having such a second class, even more than they do about the problems of integration. The difference between Israel and South Africa, after all, if not between Israel and America, is that no permanent subclass has developed here. Israel is truly an egalitarian society. The doctrine of the worth of Jewish labor, so cherished by old-time Zionists, has long since proved its value, not just in transforming a people into a peasantry with identification with the land but in creating a state. Mrs. Meir and many like her fear that the Jews would become the scientists and the engineers and the doctors, while the Arabs became Israel's Negroes.

Arabs in the West Bank have begun to emerge as an independent force. The events of the last months have brought home to them that it might be a desirable alternative to live in a peaceful partnership with Israel. While many have some sympathy for the Fatah and other

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Het Parool (Amsterdam)

Golda Meir

terrorists, it is by no means certain that Yassir Arafat—or Dr. Habash—are their leaders. The people of the West Bank may well be seeking their own way. As if to confirm this possibility, three leaders from the Nablus district of Jordan, including Mr. El-Masri, former speaker of the Jordanian Parliament, flew out of Lod in the second week in October for talks in Cairo with the new Egyptian leadership. Their passports were stamped upon departure with Israeli clearances.

Other signs are present. A number of West Bank education authorities have begun to talk with Israeli officials about the possibility of setting up an Arab university on the West Bank. Teddy Kollek, Jerusalem's Mayor, jumped on the idea and proposed instead the possibility of an Islamic research and study center in Jerusalem. Arabs from Ramallah and Nablus disagreed, and have begun to compete with one another and with Jerusalem for the site of a secular Arab institution of higher education. The winner—should this utopian idea ever get off the ground—is likely to be Ramallah, but the fact that the idea is even discussed, and that the consent and aid of Israel are sought, is noteworthy.

On this local level, Israel must take an ever stronger initiative in showing the way to possible partnership. But Israel cannot supplant Arab leadership, Arab ideas cannot be stamped "Made in Israel," indigenous leadership must have the responsibilities of leadership. Only thus can the distrust built up over half a century begin to be broken down; and only thus can Arabs here stand up to criticism from their brethren across the present borders.

The answer in the long run is and must be some kind of firm relationship—possibly a confederation—between Israel and the Arab state to its east. This could be a Bedouin-Palestinian mix, a Hashemite Kingdom, or a Palestinian state controlled by Palestinians. The Palestinians themselves, not just the Israelis, must help to decide what the borders of this country would be and whether they want to continue an association with the Hashemite Kingdom and under what conditions. The Jordanian civil war did not solve these questions, either.

Golda Meir has said that peace must come to the Middle East because there is no alternative. Moshe Dayan said recently that peace will come because both the Arabs and the Israelis are tired of war. Perhaps we are now seeing a final jockeying for the positions that will precede a final peace settlement. But much of that jockeying is entirely within an Arab world still filled with turmoil, class hate and general instability. One must also await some resolution of Arab problems before there can be peace. □

COMMUNES AND THE WORK CRISIS

LEWIS M. ANDREWS

Mr. Andrews is a free-lance writer and television producer. He is the author of Requiem for Democracy? *soon to be published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston.*

Until recently, work has enjoyed a good reputation. For most Americans who grew up during the depression, work and life were synonymous. Finding a job, any job, was the prime directive. Liberals and radicals criticized the capitalist economy, but their aim was to "humanize" work, to make it "fulfilling," not to eliminate it.

Now, however, work has fallen into disrepute, especially among young adults. Whereas it was once a solution to life's problems—were they as straightforward and fundamental as survival or as elusive as the need for self-expression—work is now in itself a problem. The question, "Plastics?," from the film *The Graduate* symbolizes an entire generation's disenchantment with the job options offered by the most diversified society in the world. The famous identity crisis, which is intimately bound up with occupational goals, is becoming a major problem for school guidance counselors. (Almost 65 per cent of students who consult school psychologists and guidance counselors present themselves as vocationally confused.) A recent study of Stanford and Berkeley undergraduates found that vocational choice is seen by students as a threat instead of an opportunity.

Increasingly, the reaction of the young to the establishment work scene is to drop out. For some this means revolutionary political activism, for others it means "taking a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

few years off" to find themselves, and for still others it means an irrevocable break with "straight" society. Many bright college graduates become taxi drivers, waiters and supermarket checkers, in order to "keep themselves together" with a minimum of effort. Others go off to join one of the 300 known (and myriad unknown) hippie communes which have sprouted up across rural America during the past five years. [See "Living Together in California" by Maitland Zane, *The Nation*, October 19.] For obvious reasons, no one knows exactly how many are dropping out, but sociologists agree that the number is accelerating geometrically, with estimates ranging as high as 20,000 per year. More significant, however, is the fact that the dropouts are often among the most intelligent and best educated young people. Communes have been founded by renegades from Yale, Princeton, Stanford, Dartmouth and Berkeley.

This rebellion against the work ethic has potential dangers which even the dropout recognizes. A completely work-free society is impossible to attain. Even if we could mechanize or eliminate all the menial, superficial and redundant jobs, society would still require doctors, programmers, teachers, technicians, firemen, maintenance men, supervisors and other skilled professionals. (I leave out lawyers and police on the premise that such a society would be free of conflict—a dubious assumption.) Unfortunately, the more leisure-oriented our society becomes, the more unevenly the work load is distributed. The burden of servicing an advanced technology falls upon its most intelligent and technically competent members—those very bright young people who are most ready to drop out! In short, the rebellion against the work ethic, if it continues, could lead to a bizarre economic situation: we may find ourselves dependent upon a complex technology that nobody can or will run. Dr. Stanley F. Yolles, former director of the National Institute of Mental Health, sees "serious dangers that large proportions of current and future generations will reach adulthood embittered towards the larger society, unequipped to take on parental, vocational and other citizen roles."

But even if society can successfully convince—that is, bribe—intelligent young people to assume the burdens of technology management, as most economists believe it can, work alienation still presents a major social problem. Dissatisfaction with work is a growing source of emotional illness. Psychiatrist Salvatore Maddi finds that people who see themselves as mere players of social roles and who have an acute awareness of superficiality, two symptoms of work dissatisfaction, are highly susceptible to what he calls "existential neurosis"; that is, feelings of chronic meaninglessness, aimlessness and apathy, culminating in severe depression.

Why has work fallen into disrepute among the young? There are legitimate reasons which by now have become clichés: work seems meaningless in a redundant economy that creates needless wants through advertising; work seems meaningless in a society that ignores real problems of poverty and pollution; the nine-to-five routine saps spontaneity and precludes the evolution of individual life styles, etc. But none of these reasons justifies the complete rejection of work. A doctor, lawyer, teacher, even a businessman, can always find work that is meaningful and flexible, *if he wants to find it*. To understand the work crisis, we must explore several illusions that have become axioms to many young Americans.

The first illusion is that work should be a continuous experience of intellectual and emotional delight. Synonyms: self-actualizing and self-fulfilling. Television has undoubtedly played a major role in cultivating this particular illusion. Marcus Welby, M.D., performs at least one medical miracle each week, while over at NBC *The Bold Ones* are resolving crucial social issues at the same rate. And those TV characters who opt for a meaningful family life never have job problems. Did Jim Anderson (*Father Knows Best*) ever stay up late working on his client's insurance policies? Ever see Donna Reed's doctor husband lift as much as a tongue depressor? And who could figure out what Ozzie Nelson did for a living?

Educators also bear responsibility for supporting this particular illusion. They spend so much time preparing students for future work that they forget to explain what the word *work* represents. Our neolithic ancestors were hardly concerned with "the quality of life." For them work —hunting, fishing, farming—was existence. Civilization offers three work advantages: it can make working conditions more pleasant, it can reduce the work load and, by dividing labor, it can offer individuals a choice among more or less satisfying jobs. But even the most rewarding work has its drawbacks. Doctors hate to read medical journals, psychologists dislike treating alcoholics, writers resent deadlines, and so on. Work does not promise Nirvana. That's why people are paid for their labor.

The illusion that work must be an orgasm leads to the corollary illusion that people should be drawn to work by some calling, irrepressible commitment or mystical force. True, a few people know what they want to do at the age of 10, and follow this inspiration for the rest of their lives. Most of us, however, have to be introduced to a subject before we become interested in it. How many people who are happy in their present jobs have ever said, "I never thought I'd end up doing this!"?

The work ethic is further depreciated by two seemingly divergent pseudo-philosophies gaining popularity among the nation's young. The first is a neo-Puritanism which holds that each man must justify his existence by forsaking personal gain and doing something socially constructive. This frequently means ghetto teaching, working in a free clinic, or community organizing. As Edward Banfield cogently observes in *The Unheavenly City*, self-justification has become a growth industry. Dedication to solving social ills is an admirable quality, but neo-Puritanism has had the effect of demeaning any form of work which is done for money, which includes about 99 per cent of all existing jobs. As a result, many college graduates are ashamed to say they are working *just* for a living.

In opposition to neo-Puritanism among the young is a neo-Freudianism, which also depreciates work but for different reasons. Popularized by Norman Brown (*Life Against Death*), Herbert Marcuse (*Eros and Civilization*), neo-Freudianism strives for the resurrection of what Freud called the Pleasure Principle. According to Brown, civilization represses the Pleasure Principle by instilling a sense of guilt which we literally work out in our respective jobs. The more guilty and repressed we are, the harder we

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work. The solution, writes Theodore Roszak, is the evolution of a "counter culture" that will turn our mundane work existence into a joyous festival, a spontaneous "celebration of life."

Neo-Freudianism has obvious merits. The fact that psychosomatic illnesses are so prevalent among society's most "successful" members demonstrates a partial validity to Freud's theory of cultural repression. However, neo-Freudianism is grossly misinterpreted, especially by social malcontents who equate liberation with anarchy. Freud himself recognized that a certain degree of repression is necessary in order to buy freedom from a primitive existence. Furthermore, many modern psychologists disagree sharply with the premise of neo-Freudianism, arguing that discipline and acquisition of skills are highly satisfying activities. One psychologist has argued that the drive for competence, like the sex drive, is an innate motivation.

The young are not to be blamed for their susceptibility to illusion. They have nothing else to trust. The young are, in a sense, the most victimized generation in history. "Manipulated for goals they cannot believe in," writes Paul Goodman, "the young are alienated." They have been exploited by status-conscious parents ("It's for your own good, my dear"), by businessmen eager to sap the youth market for dad's last penny, and by ambitious politicians, Left and Right. Even the most independent jobs demand a degree of trust that many members of the new paranoid generation are unwilling to give.

How is the work crisis to be resolved? In theory, the solution is simple; a little realism would do the trick. The young must recognize that work is necessary for survival and, further, that any form of work necessarily involves discipline and sacrifice. At the same time, adult champions of the work ethic must learn what they already feel—that the good life is more than an impressive financial statement. Unfortunately, people would rather create illusions to justify their past actions than confront reality. Many dropouts support what youth psychologist Kenneth Keniston has called "the fallacy of romantic regression"—that is, an idealized vision of primitive living which never has and never will exist.

Similarly, "successful" businessmen and professionals extol ulcer-producing work and competition as Christ-like virtues. These fantasies are supported and enriched by media that specialize in what their audiences want to hear. Underground papers such as the Berkeley *Barb*, the Los Angeles *Free Press*, and the New York *Rat* weekly herald the decline of the decadent establishment, while the respectable press gives us front-page stories about hippie teen-agers (especially girls from wealthy families) who come to a bad end as a result of drugs and shiftless commune living.

A few businesses have tried to solve the work crisis with token gestures. Many law firms, for example, encourage young attorneys to spend part of their workday doing poverty law. People who work in television, advertising and other communications industries are allowed liberal dress, liberal hours and frequent leaves of absence for educational purposes. But tokenism wears thin. If the aspiring lawyer wants to stay with the firm, he works overtime to finish the firm's work. And the copywriter is still responsible for servicing the soap account.

A more successful approach to the work crisis is the rapidly growing phenomenon of the "work commune." Unlike the hippie commune which is organized around a simple life style, the work commune is organized around a professional skill or interest. Members strive for a secure income while, at the same time, advancing each person's independence and work satisfaction.

One such commune is the Farallones Institute, an architecture commune, founded in Berkeley by two University of California graduate students. Members develop their own environmental design projects and then seek financial assistance to carry them off. The commune's first paycheck came from a government grant. (Work communes have few qualms about taking government money.) Assistance now comes from the Berkeley High School system, which is interested in the commune's ideas about new educational environments. In neighboring Sausalito is another architecture commune which calls itself the Ant Farm. Founded by two former architecture students, Chip Lord from Tulane and Doug Michaels from Yale, the Ant Farm currently specializes in building plastic "inflatables," balloon-type environments which are used at rock festivals and on children's playgrounds. The Berkeley area also includes numerous legal communes. Some specialize in reform projects; others simply seek a relaxed legal practice.

Work communes are not limited to professional skills. The Portola Institute of Menlo Park, Calif., is a thriving commune of full-time dilettantes. Billed as "a nonprofit co-operative to encourage, organize, and conduct innovative educational projects," it is actually a group of

Dempster

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

creative people, ranging in education from Ph.D. to high school dropout, whose common bond is the desire to play for a living. Current projects of the Portola Institute include maintaining a playroom for creative high school students, developing a teacher-training laboratory, exploring music theory, and publishing the *Whole Earth Catalog*, which provides the reader with information about books and tools and "enables him to shape his environment, internal and external." Because the *Catalog* has been so successful (circulation 140,000), the institute is under pressure to expand, but members prefer to keep it small. "When people come to us with new ideas," says member Sam Yanes, "we often tell them to start their own institute. We're happy staying about our present size." The institute has encouraged several projects which now function as independent work communes in other parts of California.

California, especially the San Francisco Bay Area, has the largest concentration of work communes, but the phenomenon is spreading. The Communications Company, in Columbus, Ohio, publishes a handbook on alternative life styles. The Meeting, in Minneapolis, Minn., is an experimental school. New York City's East Village houses numerous film communes and group-run psychedelic shops. The growing number of free universities and underground newspapers are also part of the work commune movement.

Work communes provide a promising model for a realistic balance between society's need for productive work in order to sustain itself, and the individual's need for autonomy. Yanes, for example, has no illusions about economics. "Frankly, I'm a capitalist," he admits. "I need the bread to live, and working here at the [Portola] Institute is better than planting my own garden." But given the necessity of working for a living, Yanes places paramount emphasis on the freedom to live as he chooses. "This is the best place to work because I can do what I like. I couldn't work anywhere else for more money or for anything."

However, not all dropouts are enthusiastic about the work commune movement. Phil Trounstein, a Stanford radical, refers to the Portola Institute as a "Fascist organization" in disguise. "No matter how they dress or act, they still exploit people with their products." A lot of hippies are also critical, but their reasons are more personal than political. "It's still work and routine," remarked one Berkeley nomad.

The fact that rebels from the traditional work ethic disagree among themselves is probably more significant than any particular viewpoint. The work crisis will not be resolved by black-white distinctions between glorified Puritanism and unbridled hedonism. The young must feel free to experiment with new life styles to find their own solutions to the problem of work. □

BUYING EXPORTS

THE BILLION-DOLLAR SUBSIDY

TOM STANTON
Mr. Stanton is a member of Ralph Nader's Public Interest Research Group.

DISC is a billion-dollar program currently under consideration by Congress. A billion dollars is two-thirds of the 1971 budget for the Office of Economic Opportunity and more than five times what we spend for the entire federal judicial system. President Nixon vetoed the 1970 Education Bill because, in his view, it was $453 million too expensive. DISC will cost twice as much.

Yet, almost no one in the general public knows what the DISC proposal is about. This is especially remarkable because DISC has been approved by the House Ways and Means Committee as a part of the 1970 trade bill, and is currently under study by the Senate Finance Committee.

The purpose of DISC is to encourage U.S. exports and thereby improve this country's balance of payments. Under the program, exporters will be allowed to set up dummy corporations to receive their foreign sales income. These ghostly entities, which have been given the name Domestic International Sales Corporations (DISCs), will receive an indefinite deferral—in effect an exemption—from U.S. taxation. A DISC's accumulated untaxed profits can then be put at the disposal of the parent company by means of intra-company transfers at low interest rates.

The Treasury Department hopes that DISCs, once they are fully operational, will yield $1 billion to $1.5 billion in new exports at a cost of $630 million annually. This optimistic estimate would mean that the American taxpayer will subsidize export corporations by more than 40¢ for each $1 of increased export sales.

The nonpartisan staff of the Congressional Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation does not share the Treasury's optimism. In a report which is confidential and unavailable to the public, it estimates that DISC will be of only indefinite value in promoting an export psychology among corporate executives. According to the committee's calculations, even if the entire tax subsidy were to be passed on to overseas customers as lower prices, only a maximum of $480 million annually in new export sales would be likely to result from the tax subsidy, which may amount to $955 million each year. Some members of the House Ways and Means Committee see an eventual annual cost of more than $1 billion. Then taxpayers would be subsidizing export corporations in the amount of $2 for each new $1 of export revenue!

Economists and tax lawyers in both government and private enterprise, who have studied the proposal, generally find that the DISC tax incentive is an inefficient

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as well as costly way to improve our balance of payments. That is because DISC confers its benefits without requiring an exporter to increase his exports by even a single dollar. He will receive a huge tax benefit for simply doing what he is already doing.

In 1969 American exports totaled $36.5 billion. Even under the most optimistic Treasury estimates, DISC will not increase these exports by more than 4 per cent ($1.5 billion). This means that 96 per cent of the benefits of DISC will be used to pay corporations to continue already profitable exports.

DISC is also advocated as a measure to remove tax discrimination against domestic exporters, who do not have the benefit of lower overseas taxes paid by foreign subsidiaries of U.S. corporations. The Treasury Department estimates that foreign income taxes on American-owned firms are levied at a rate of about 39 per cent, as contrasted with the 48 per cent U.S. tax rate. Since the DISCs are to be virtually exempted from U.S. taxation, the result will be to offset the current 9 per cent tax preference with a 100 per cent tax exemption. Thus DISC provides a subsidy which expensively overcorrects the problem it solves.

Although the tax subsidy will be borne by the taxpayers as a whole, the benefits of DISC will go primarily to the 100 largest corporations which already have the bulk of the export trade. These companies will also receive proportionately more benefit because of special pricing rules which allow the parent to sell exports to the DISC subsidiary at less than market prices, so that profits from the parent manufacturing company can be attributed to the untaxed DISC. Consequently, a DISC is far more valuable to a large, integrated company than to a small exporter.

Indeed, only the larger export corporations can afford the sophisticated legal and professional talent required to establish and operate a DISC. The DISC proposal consists of 40 pages of complex legal language and introduces at least a dozen new tax concepts.

DISC's legal and economic complexity has also impeded effective public scrutiny of the measure. Although it has been the subject of considerable discussion and reworking among Treasury officials and members of the business community, members of the general public—who will be paying for DISC with higher taxes—have remained unaware of the proposal.

Since DISC is a tax subsidy and not a direct cash subsidy, it will also remain sheltered from regular public scrutiny in the future. As a self-perpetuating part of the Internal Revenue Code it will not be subject to Congressional review as a part of the annual appropriations process. Thus, even if DISC should fail to be an effective means of promoting exports—as quite possibly will be the case—the expensive subsidy will continue year after year. DISC will annually shift a $1 billion tax burden from large corporations to ordinary taxpayers. The corporations are thoroughly familiar with the proposal; only the taxpayers are not. □

HUNGARY: QUIET CHANGES

THOMAS LAND
Mr. Land is a London-based political journalist whose articles frequently appear in The Nation.

Budapest

Behind a high fence surrounding a quiet villa in a fashionable quarter of this ancient capital, a bald old man sits in the autumn sunshine, peacefully awaiting death. He is Mátyás Rákosi, the Stalinist party boss who was the primary cause and initial victim of the Hungarian revolution fourteen years ago on October 23, which set the Russian tanks rolling and made this country the long-term political pacemaker of Central Europe.

Across the wide river from Rákosi's home in the Buda Mountains, János Kádár, the man who rode to power with those tanks, is preparing for the 10th Congress of the Hungarian Communist Party, in November, which is expected to introduce here a degree of democracy unknown elsewhere in the Soviet bloc. When he shakes hands with you, you notice that Kádár's hand is deformed. Any child in the country can recount the gruesome details of his torture in Soviet prison.

There was a time when Rákosi would have been torn to pieces had he dared to appear unguarded anywhere in his country. Today, he is treated merely with contempt. The very fact of his recent return from exile in Russia is indicative of the general stability, built with patient care and endless compromise by men determined to win a measure of political and economic independence for Hungary without provoking into new action the Soviet tanks still stationed on its soil.

If Rákosi were allowed to walk about this city today, he would barely recognize the place. Indeed, I last saw Budapest shortly after his departure, and revisited it a few weeks after his return. Life is still grim outside the expensive districts where foreign correspondents are treated by public relations men to coffee, brandy and talks on industrial productivity. But new apartment blocks are going up everywhere and on an immense scale, and political dialogue is permitted not only on trams and park benches but even in the mass communications media.

Hungary's gross national product is $865 per capita, compared with Britain's $1,840, Canada's $2,910, America's $3,380. The national income here is probably more evenly spread than in these other countries. A prolonged industrial boom and accompanying controlled inflation have hoisted the wages of cleaning women and skilled workers to the vicinity of those earned by doctors and engineers. And agricultural earnings, traditionally pathetic in peasant Hungary are, in response to deliberate government policy, nudging urban wages.

Nevertheless, the national income doesn't go far. The purchase of a new shirt or a pair of shoes at the end of the month presupposes careful planning by a whole

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

family. The houses, taken over for "Socialist care" by the tenants, are neglected. Consumer goods are poor by Western standards, but rent and the cost of food, postage and transportation are notably low.

An exception to the general rule of austerity is a weird class of small-scale capitalists in this supposedly Socialist and totalitarian regime. The "private sector" is allowed not only to survive but even to get away with spectacular profits. Its members run big foreign cars, own summer cottages on Lake Balaton and go for expensive trips in the West, now that restrictions on travel abroad have been eased. Their economic success mocks the political principles of this egalitarian society.

Their affluence is a byproduct of Hungary's New Economic Mechanism, which has contributed to a considerable improvement of productivity. It has abolished much of the control previously held by the nation's central planners, and allowed factory managers, bankers and others directly involved in the economy to get on with their work. It has also meant the removal of much state subsidy, as well as the introduction of the profit motive for individual state enterprises.

One effect of this has been the inflation, within limits, of many previously fixed consumer prices; another is an improvement in the quality of goods. The new, controlled market economy has created its own demand for competition and services. And that demand is amicably satisfied by the revitalized class of small capitalists whose earnings are often many times those of their opposite numbers in the vast state-owned factories.

These developments, probably exceeding by far the economic objectives of the 1956 Hungarian rising, have been brought about with the blessing of the Kremlin, which Kádár regularly consults. Rákosi disapproves of them, but they might not have come to pass except for his final, gigantic blunder. The hard-line Rákosi would have liked to maintain the principles of Stalinism in Hungary, even after his master's death. There were voices within the Communist Party itself demanding reforms. Rákosi resisted them, but his position weakened as even Khrushchev in Moscow denounced his predecessor.

Then Rákosi allowed Imre Nagy, the leader of the dissident Hungarian Communists, to announce a set of moderate reforms. Rákosi probably expected his oppressed people to respond to the easing of pressure by demanding more concessions and even compromising Nagy by staging small-scale riots. That would have been enough to silence the reformers. Instead, the country reacted with a storm of public discussion, culminating in the revolt led by a reluctant Imre Nagy. Nagy paid with his life, Rákosi with his career.

Those days are now hardly mentioned in Hungary, but the nation has drawn the conclusion that its fate will be decided for a long time by great powers a long distance away. Kádár, the faithful Communist whose principles had been steeled in Stalin's prisons, was mistrusted at the beginning of his reign as the Humpty Dumpty of Soviet imperialism. Today, he enjoys the genuine respect of his people as a quiet reformer who gets as much done as is possible within Central European realities.

Thus the Hungarian leader, who felt compelled in 1968 to support the Soviet invasion that suppressed a modest movement in Czechoslovakia away from totalitarianism and toward a form of democracy, is himself the author of an electoral reform that may well give the country freer elections by next year. All eyes are therefore on Hungary, since the probable success of that innovation would set a pattern for liberalization in Central Europe that would avoid the wrath of the Kremlin.

The reform, which is expected to be supported by the 10th Communist Party Congress, will carefully avoid any challenge to Hungary's single-party system, but it will give local electors a chance to nominate alternative candidates that will end the monopoly of nomination hitherto enjoyed by the Patriotic People's Front, a Communist organization, and will promote a representative administration which can draw on the support of the country's non-Communist majority. □

WOMEN IN WYOMING

'WHO WANTS EQUALITY?'

SUZANNE HUNSUCKER
Miss Hunsucker is a free-lance writer, living in Riverton, Wyo.

On the recent anniversary of woman suffrage in the United States, Sen. Clifford P. Hansen of Wyoming stood up in Congress to say loving words about his "Equality State." Meanwhile, back home in Laramie, one lone female, Pat Darling, sat upon the University of Wyoming library steps armed with banner and position papers protesting the treatment of women in Wyoming.

Wyoming may have been the first state to grant women the right to vote, but it will be the last to start a women's liberation movement. Miss Darling, 22, the state's only full-fledged liberationist, had a chapter started, but the other two members left the country and she had to strike alone on Lib Day. The perky graduate student in American studies recalled the day with an accepting smile: "The women I was demonstrating for completely avoided my presence—the women on this campus and in this state don't want to be liberated. They won't admit that they have low status and low pay because they are women. I did more convincing of males than of females. And a lot of the men just came by to check me out. It was discouraging but I had a fun afternoon."

Wyomingites like to look to the past and to Esther Hobart Morris to assure themselves that they have done their part for women's rights. Esther, a tough-minded woman who looked like Victor McLaglen, led the fight

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for woman suffrage in the state, but it wasn't really much of a struggle. Before the 1869 territorial legislators were elected, Esther gave a crowded tea party in South Pass City (now a ghost town) and wrested promises from the two local opponents to introduce the woman suffrage bill. The elected legislator held to his promise and the bill was passed; but at the very next session, the second territorial assembly of 1871, the House voted 8 to 0 to repeal it. (This reversal is discreetly overlooked when politicians brag about the Equality State.) A cool-headed governor vetoed the House's vote and saved the chauvinists from the wrath of Mrs. Morris. (The first woman justice of the peace in the United States, she dealt firmly with those males who crossed her. Her husband, objecting to her acceptance of the office, made a terrible scene in her courtroom. She fined him for contempt of court; he refused to pay and she sent him to jail.)

It has been 101 years since Wyoming's famous tea party, and women have since been lax in asserting themselves in a state now characterized by definite male supremacy. Wyoming is a man's state—its men have stayed as rugged and forceful as the landscape, but most women have lost their pioneer drive. Women interviewed from Cody to Cheyenne were for the most part committed to their homes and families, interesting avocations or menial jobs. Few venture beyond community activities to organize for their betterment on a state level. Wyoming women are charming and hospitable, but basically uninvolved and unsympathetic with their national sisters who are pushing for a ticket to equality.

"I find the lives they lead tedious and dull," said one professional woman who had recently moved to the state. "Women's Lib in Wyoming reminds me of the apartheid situation in the South of my childhood," said Justice of the Peace Cindy Royhan, long-time resident of the quaint village of Dubois. "But whereas most blacks know now that they need liberation, most women here accept their role as decreed by nature. . . . Male supremacy is as arbitrary as white supremacy."

Statistics and observation confirm the concept of male supremacy in Wyoming. Men are in the majority: about 105 men to every 100 women in a population of 332,416. There are almost three times as many men in the work force, concentrated in the major industries of raw minerals and agriculture. Males dominate the state's professions—for example, there are only eight women lawyers in the state total of almost 500. (Three-fourths of the lawyers recently polled here felt that women had an equal chance in the legal profession. The same poll showed that two-thirds of the lawyers preferred male judges; the others had no preference.) Only eighteen women have been elected to the state legislature in the past 100 years. The University of Wyoming, the state's only four-year school, graduates more than twice as many men as women, and the higher the degree, the lower the proportion of women. Last spring, 257 men and three women received doctorates. "There's a lot of pressure for these girls to come to the university and find a good husband," observed one professor. "Very few of them want more than a degree, a skill and a husband."

In Wyoming, men desert wives and children for extended hunting, fishing, mountain climbing and back packing trips. Rodeos and chariot races are the man's domain; women are usually left to ogle in the dust next to the cold beer. Men's clubs like the Elks and Eagles are packed on any week night. The volunteer fire fighters don't need the excuse of a fire to linger at the station and socialize with the boys. Newcomers to the state are struck by the absence of wives at many social situations. One former Californian said that she stopped going to bars in Laramie because she felt uneasy about being the only woman present.

Jerri Pollack, a native of Basin, recently realized how sheltered women were in her area. "We were at the county fair and I expressed amazement at how few men had their wives along. My husband thought this was perfectly all right and I asked, 'What if the wives came alone?' He was horrified at that idea."

The men of the state like the *status quo* and staunchly defend women's equality. Questioned on the issue in Buffalo Bill's old haunt, the Hotel Irma in Cody, an aging cowboy said: "I've known women cowboys and they're as tough as any man. I've known them to break broncs even a man wouldn't try. . . . Women get a good shake in this state."

Chauvinism does leak out, however, in some situations. For instance, Ed Huddleston, who runs a gas station in Greybull, wasn't satisfied with his male help, so for the second summer he hired three girls full time. Ed, the girls and most of the customers seemed happy, but other gas men in town seethed. "Girls have no business under the hood of the car," said one competitor. "After Ed has his fun, he'll realize what he's doing."

Jeanne Mathewson, a divorced English professor who moved here to teach at the University of Wyoming, commented on the lack of male companionship outside of department colleagues. "The men here don't know what to make of an independent, articulate woman. They feel uneasy and embarrassed and they look on this type of woman as a threatening, imitation man."

It does not occur to the average Wyoming woman that she may be downtrodden. As a waitress from Greybull observed: "The women in this town have very full lives. If they're missing out on something, they sure don't know it."

Said one husband: "A woman in a small Wyoming community is virtually kept."

"Who wants equality?" asked a Casper woman accountant. "With a little subtlety, a woman can have anything she wants."

Anne Hinckley, mother of seven, is a glowing example of Wyoming's contented womanhood. She is the wife of a community college professor in Powell, is active in politics and community affairs. She admits to commiserating with friends about the drudgery of housework, but emphasizes the value of being at home to teach the children sound, flexible values. Her comments on the Women's Lib movement are typical: "Like any other movement, it had a good idea behind it—equal pay for equal work, and end to discrimination—but the movement was joined by strange people with strange notions. . . . All this bra burning and parading into men's bars

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is irrelevant to social justice. It doesn't do anything for me."

Some women cannot tolerate any aspect of the Liberation movement. A gathering of powdered and costume-bejeweled older ladies shouted down the Libbers at a luncheon in Cody. The mayor's wife was most vocal. "The Liberation movement? No, thank you. We're happy right where we are. Right, girls?" "Right!"

At the same restaurant, a waitress with swollen feet bulging out of sandals shuffled by and quietly complained about the low pay and lack of benefits. She had tried to improve her situation, but "the girls here just won't stick together. They accept the abuse and I have to take it too because I need this job. There are a lot more women than jobs around here."

The state is full of horror stories regarding unfair employment practices toward women. A random selection:

¶Ruth Harwell, a Jackson artist who returned from Mexico after studying weaving and silversmithing for four years, in desperation took a job tying flies. She worked a 48-hour week and took home $29.27.

¶Julie H., a recent business graduate from the University of Wyoming with high grades and good qualifications, was unable to land a job in private business commensurate with her education. After applying for more than a year and a half, she gave up and got married.

¶Workers at the University of Wyoming library earn $1.40 an hour in a job that requires extensive training; a B.A. degree and languages preferred. Many of these women are the sole supporters of their families.

¶Some 2 to 3 per cent of Wyoming women choose to work in the Yellowstone resort industry. Most of the jobs go to young, out-of-state girls who will take the Yellowstone Park Company's $1.30 an hour with $3.50 per day deducted for room and board.

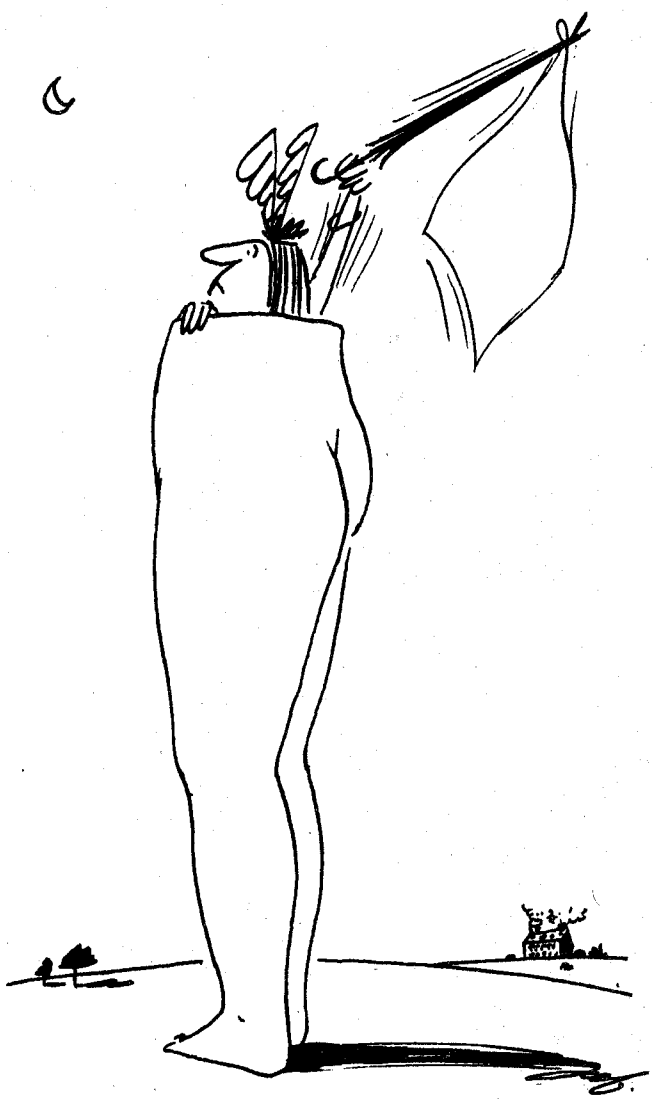
Women's working conditions in Wyoming are dismal and there's little hope that they'll improve—employers retain unfair labor practices when women remain the quiet victims. The Wyoming Employment Security Commission does not provide any statistics on female workers' job status and wages, but one university professor claimed that the Wyoming woman with a B.A. made as much as a man with an eighth-grade education.

The only study of women's employment was initiated by then Gov. Clifford Hansen in 1966 when he appointed a Commission on the Status of Women. Evelyn Thompson's committee on employment unearthed some disturbing information but apparently the dirt was shoveled back after Mr. Hansen departed for Washington. Mrs. Thompson noted a strong reluctance on the part of both employers and employees to provide information about labor infractions. (A recently interviewed Labor Department spokesman said the only complaints they receive from women come from baby sitters who can't collect.) Only 100 of the 300 small businesses (the mainstay of women's employment) queried returned questionnaires. Among those Mrs. Thompson found "definite deviations from the Fair Employment Practice Code," and quite reasonably she suspects even greater deviations among the nonresidents. More than 76 per cent of those who replied indicated that they preferred to employ a woman with a high school education, one who was older, mature and married. Business in Wyoming does not encourage young, single, educated women to join its ranks.

In the two professions that attract the most women, education and nursing, discrimination is evident. Education is the only department at the University of Wyoming that graduates more women than men. In the commission's study, members of two honorary women teachers' groups stated almost without exception that discrimination existed, especially on the score of promoting women teachers to administrative positions.

Women teachers also complain about their retirement program, which ranks forty-seventh on a national scale. Retired women receive per month 87.1 per cent as much as the men get, but the head of the retirement program in Cheyenne defends that discrepancy with actuarial studies "that prove that women live thirty-seven months longer than men—it all works out in the end."

The governor's commission also discovered serious discrimination against women at the junior college level. One estimate showed that four part-time women teachers, each teaching slightly less than full load, earned in aggregate approximately the salary of one full-time male instructor. Even at the University of Wyoming, women rarely advance to the upper echelons. A check of the new catalogue reveals that of the twenty-one administrative officers, only one, the dean of women, is a woman.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of the seventy-five academic officers, only one woman heads a department—Home Economics. Even the School of Nursing recently replaced its woman head with a man. The state university does not honor many women with honorary degrees either—since 1950, it has bestowed fifty-three such awards; three went to women, the last of these being in 1964.

The shortcomings in nursing, the other woman-dominated profession, are scaring away prospective young careerists. Jeane, an R.N. in a community of 7,000, said that "on some shifts I do the work of two nurses without any breaks. Sometimes I can't even stop to eat dinner. Both practical and registered nurses are irritable at this hospital because we're understaffed, overworked and underpaid." In small towns (only two cities have a population larger than 35,000) nurses' salaries are set by elected officials whose interests are budgetary and political rather than professional.

The Women's Liberation movement, like other movements in Wyoming, seems doomed to failure. The only kinds that catch on are anti-gun registration ("The West Wasn't Won with a Registered Gun") and "I-support-Coach Lloyd Eaton." (He was the University of Wyoming football coach who suspended fourteen black players last year for wearing arm bands into his office when they asked how they could protest the upcoming game with a Mormon school whose church allegedly discriminates against blacks.) The peace movement reached its height last August when 8,000 people voted for a peace candidate in the Senate primaries. (He lost 4 to 1 to Sen. Gale McGee, a hawk.) It is doubtful that Women's Lib will ever claim more than a dainty handful of Wyoming females.

The reasons behind this manifest lack of interest are varied, some quite subtle. One is that Wyomingites are suspicious of anything that smacks of abnormality, be it black, homosexual, longhaired or woman liberationist. Social patterns are drawn strong and tight at a grass-roots level. Jeanne Mathewson discovered that when she assigned Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex* to her freshmen honors class.

"The girls from Wyoming were upset, a few became actively hostile. There was real intellectual resistance. They realized that to examine their attitudes was dangerous . . . these kids are reared in cultural isolation. They come from ranches and small communities where there is only one social pattern. Alternate attitudes just aren't considered."

Joan Anderson, a recent graduate who endorses the Lib movement, says she hates to go home to Thermopolis because people ask why she isn't married yet. (Most Wyoming girls marry in the 15-to-19 age bracket.)

Another reason for resistance to any such movement may be the drain of potential leadership. Many young people who could get behind the movement either leave the state or become too concerned with preserving their own liberalized identities. Many of the high school dissidents head for Eastern or California colleges and when their life styles change, so do their states. A career-minded woman is not apt to stay in Wyoming, because there are so few well-paying, interesting jobs. One single working woman said that she could stand her job, but couldn't take the social scene. "I feel so out of place. Everybody around here acts so married."

Anne Mason, who ran a boutique in Jackson Hole before returning to school, said: "I'm too busy liberating myself to liberate people who don't want to be liberated. Why should I impose my values on some homemaker who is happy cooking a guy's dinner?"

Still another reason for stagnation of the liberalizing impulse is the pioneer myth. Wyoming men and women cling to the delusion that both are equal out here in the sagebrush. For some, like Dixie Haun and Ellen Zwemer, the myth is a reality, but for others it is a faded page from an old book. Dixie, now in her 80s, settled a homestead (640 acres) with her husband near the Medicine Bow National Forest in the 1920s. 'I did my share in this business of life," she said, loading her wood-burning stove. "I worked alongside him—milking cows, churning butter, keeping the coyotes away from the sheep, fixing fences and herding cows. We built this cabin together—carried the logs from over there on Green Ridge."

Ellen is forty years younger than Dixie, but her life on a sheep ranch in Deaver is similar. "The sheep come first around here. Man, woman and child pitch in where they're concerned. We're all individuals on the farm. I love my life out here."

One can blame the perpetuation of their low status on the Wyoming women themselves. "I try to give them the vision to see the stars," said Secretary of State Thyra Thomson, a notable exception to the state's average woman. "In speeches I plead with young girls to prepare themselves for a better tomorrow, to become skilled and educated. Women in Wyoming will get better positions when they train for them, ask for them, and accept the responsibility of a professional person. They can't use their families as an excuse for not moving ahead."

One of the biggest reasons why Women's Lib may never take root is the absence of natural sisterhood. Even women seeking office refuse to ask the support of other women. "I'm not wooing women," said Ellen Crowley, a lawyer who barely reached the finals in her bid for the Wyoming legislature. "I don't think men and women should compete on the basis of sex but on talent and output."

Another woman who recently lost her judgeship to a man attributed her defeat to a drop in women's support. "With all this national publicity about the Liberation movement, they became suspicious of a competitive woman," she said.

Beyond all these reasons for the lack of women activists in Wyoming is the pervading peacefulness that imbues the whole state—the cows and antelope that graze beside the highway, the heavy snows that immobilize and pacify, the stretching plains with an occasional town disrupting their serenity.

"It's easy not to care about the rest of the world when you're surrounded by these mountains," said one happy Wyoming woman. "People choose Wyoming because they choose not to be involved in all the issues. We like it that way." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Animall Gossip: Ardrey's Leviathan

THE SOCIAL CONTRACT: A Personal Inquiry into the Evolutionary Sources of Order and Disorder. *By Robert Ardrey. Atheneum Publishers. 405 pp. $10.*

BURTON BENDOW

Mr. Bendow is the author of a forthcoming book on the postwar Italian cinema, The Revolution Stops for Orangeade (*Grossett & Dunlap*).

Greylag geese are normally heterosexual and monogamous, but occasionally—it is reported by an unimpeachable authority—they form male homosexual unions or *ménages à trois,* or play the *femme fatale* and take a new beau every month. These disclosures and the many studies of animal behavior made in recent years by now constitute a new science, called ethology, with its own concepts and procedures. And it is impossible not to ask what bearing this new knowledge has on human nature.

Geese are our very distant cousins. Since even closely related species differ greatly in temperament, any argument about man's animal inheritance might better be based on the nature of the primate that is presumed to be his immediate progenitor, *Australopithecus africanus.* Unfortunately this creature is a fossil, with nothing about him to reveal his character except his skeleton and a number of other old bones found near it. These belong to various animals including *africanus* himself and show cracks or breaks that were probably inflicted by the sharp stones lying about. In *African Genesis* (1961), Robert Ardrey concluded that *africanus* was a wielder of weapons and a carnivore, a killer of his own kind and perhaps even a cannibal. He also attributed man's superiority over the vegetarian apes, and over all creation, to the predatory disposition inherited from his allegedly bloodthirsty ancestor.

Many predators, equipped with natural weapons in the way of tooth and claw, are extinct or nearly so, while man overruns the earth. The reason is not obscure. It is the possession of language that chiefly distinguishes man from the beasts and that allows him to cooperate in communal ventures and form societies of enormous size and complexity. Or, if not language itself, the human propensity for an intensely social life that makes for the use of language and the building of nations. If man is such an astounding evolutionary success, it is because he is a more social creature than his primate forebears. Reasoning backwards, *africanus* too must have been a gregarious fellow. And the mutation that turned him into a man, the sudden growth of his brain to almost three times its former size, is probably related to the invention of language—though Ardrey thinks otherwise.

Since *African Genesis* provoked a good deal of this sort of criticism, Ardrey turns tail in this book, reversing his earlier thesis while salvaging as much of it as he can. *Africanus* is still a predator, but one that hunts in groups like lion prides or wolf packs. And the teamwork of the primate hunting band is the prototype of human social intercourse. Deviants from the main line of evolution may live on vegetable food and small game that is best caught by the solitary hunter. But the begetter of man organizes for the kill, and Ardrey devotes two out of ten chapters to proving it. Elsewhere, Ardrey quite forgets the social advantages of his hypothetical hunting band and reverts to his former view: *africanus* and his human descendants, driven by an innate and incorrigible bellicosity, are ill adapted to social life.

Whatever the truth of Ardrey's assertions, much simplified here, they always betray a certain misanthropy. This may be attributed, in part, to a too exclusive concern with animal behavior and a neglect of history, anthropology and the other sciences that deal with man. For example, since speech is a purely human faculty, he overlooks its importance. And he discounts the effect of human institutions which, like the instinctual compulsions that underlie them, create patterns of behavior that are predictable, bizarre, self-perpetuating, and subject to the same law of natural selection that condemns one race to extinction and allows another to flourish. In discussing men as if they were beasts, stripped of all cultural clothing, he reduces them to caricatures —often intentionally. But the sons of the American middle class who take part in student riots are not quite comparable to young baboons pitting themselves against the authority of the baboon elders.

Then there is Ardrey's conservative bias. He belittles the students for trying to change a society they do not understand. But his own notion of society is no clearer. Sometimes, as in the pecking order among hens, it is a competition for place and power not far from the ideal of free enterprise that used to swell the rhetoric of oil men and steel men. At other times it is a crumbling fortress that must be defended against the assaults of competing groups. And he lists the inconveniences of social strife with the uncomprehending exasperation of a Tory. If the father of a sick child cannot reach a doctor because the telephone is out of order, the intransigence of strikers is to blame and not the greed of company officials who stint on funds for proper maintenance.

Last and worst, there is the vice of the popularizer—the desire to make a splash, to win the attention of the reading public by proclaiming the most shocking heresies. *African Genesis* was intended as a bomb thrown into the arena of agitation against war. *The Social Contract,* whose title is taken from Rousseau's work, is meant to explode the ideas that inspired the French and American Revolutions: that man is born free, or created equal, or is infinitely perfectible; that the tyranny of the old regime enslaves and corrupts him; and that, within a new social order that respects his freedom, he will pursue happiness and perhaps achieve utopia. Since this doctrine in its extreme form was discredited with the failure of the Russian Revolution, and survives in this country only among the few supporters of Mao and Castro, it offers a very tattered red flag to charge at. And in its milder form—that man can be changed by his cultural environment and is the better for a little freedom—it is undeniable. Ardrey is raising the dust about nothing.

On his own ground, dealing with the animals and summarizing the findings of ethologists, Ardrey is less doctrinaire and much more informative. Animals, it turns out, are more like men than was formerly supposed. They pursue not purely material advantages but goals that are comparable to the arbitrary values created by human convention. Kittiwakes nest on the ledges of cliffs that plunge vertically into the sea, a habit that protects them from land

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

predators and affords them immediate access to the fish they feed on. They will choose only one such cliff among many and contend for sites that are centrally located as against less desirable ones in the suburbs. Weaker birds are banished to a neighboring cliff and do not breed, as if their ledge in exile, though quite as commodious as one that commands high rent in town, were not a proper place to raise a family.

Ardrey mentions this, however, only as an instance of instinctive population control and as a contrast to the all-too-human pill. Most of his animal stories are anecdotes of this sort, wrenched out of context to illustrate some point in his political argument. It is not his purpose to describe all the social arrangements of the kittiwake or any other species—some books listed in his bibliography do that. Nor does he care to trace the evolution of certain traits, such as the inhibitions inbred in kittiwakes, and not in beach-nesting gulls, which prevent them from knocking one another off their ledges. He writes neither animal sociology nor animal history but entertaining animal gossip with a modern moral, which leaves the serious reader somewhat undernourished.

Invidious comparisons are sometimes tasteless but not always pointless. There is a better book written several years ago on precisely the same subject as *The Social Contract*. Ardrey is familiar with it and entertains the highest respect for its author, who is considered one of the founders of ethology. This is *On Aggression* by Konrad Lorenz. Lorenz is more temperate and more logical in his reasoning. The instinctual drives of animals he subjects to a much closer examination. And they prove to be no such simple abstractions as hunger, sexual desire or aggressiveness, the ill-defined villain of Ardrey's book. They are always manifested in very specific patterns of behavior, such as the kittiwake's struggle for a town house. These patterns are generated by, or inseparable from, motives as compelling as any of the larger instincts, whose existence is hypothetical. And they may evolve, in higher or more specialized animals, into more complicated patterns quite remote from their origins. The intense love affairs of Greylag geese, for example, are not directly dependent on the sexual urge but are intimately bound up with the aggressive character of the species. Ardrey is incontrovertible when he argues that inherited instinct is the foundation of human nature. But his notions of instinct, compared with those of Lorenz, often seem as unsophisticated as his notions of human culture. □

Descrying Protean Man

BOUNDARIES. *By Robert Jay Lifton. Random House. 113 pp. $5.95. Paper $1.65.*

ANTHEA LAHR

Mrs. Lahr is a young writer living in New York. Her essays have appeared in The Village Voice.

"We are all survivors of Hiroshima . . . all involved in struggles to find significance and meaning in a world in which such events can occur." Robert Jay Lifton is certainly involved in such a struggle. Brilliant and concise, his book is also profoundly religious. First presented as a series of talks for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, the chapters of *Boundaries*, pursuing the quest for a secular, psychological understanding of what is happening to us, have, nevertheless, the devoutness of sermons: "I bring together various strands of my work . . . now woven around, and specifically addressed to, one overall issue: the breakdown and re-creation of the boundaries of our existence."

Both radicals and conservatives would agree that those boundaries are dissolving, but their responses to the fact are violently at odds. One group wants to break down the boundaries that remain, while the other harks back to a world of limits and order that probably never existed. Both responses are nostalgic; even "new" experiments in living such as communes are throwbacks to an idealized notion of tribal societies.

Spiro Agnew mentioned, in his attack on the findings of the Commission on Pornography and Obscenity, the "posturing and shouting of obscenities by the shaggy, scruffy sons of the New Left." And added, "But it goes even beyond them. This assault now comes from almost every direction, daily and in volume." Unwittingly, Mr. Agnew was complimenting his enemy: Protean Man —who is the hero of *Boundaries*. He is a survivor in this technological age, which he regards as bent on destroying him. Bernardine Dohrn's defiance of capture epitomizes his attitude: "The rest of us move freely in and out of every youth scene in this country. We're not hiding; but we're invisible." The manners and beliefs of Protean Man are deliberately conceived to escape being categorized, to elude the strictures of the society he rejects. Lifton thinks that this attempt is in general successful, and that with the advent of Protean Man, comes a New History, a new way of looking at the world, a redefining of our boundaries.

The birth date of the new Adam can be placed in 1945, the year of the atomic bombs and the revelations about the concentration camps in Germany. By means of the modern information media, Protean Man can be everywhere, experience everything, but they also threaten to co-opt him. Exposure to newspaper articles, television and books tends to impose a role, which has to be played by the rules of the media if it is to be successful; and once man is trapped by a role he is no longer Protean. It is the working out of such a process that appears to have damaged many of the radicals who, after Chicago, seemed frozen either into inaction or a program of violence. But Lifton's faith is not yet shaken. He does not discuss the boundaries that have been imposed by representative specimens of Protean Man: those between square and hip, black and white, pig and brother. They are as rigid as those drawn by conventional morality and established institutions. By the fall of 1970, Protean Man is no longer so Protean, because he has suffered both from overvisibility and repression. But the phenomena that created and nurtured him are still present and, healthy or pathological, to be Protean is still a survival tactic.

Crucial to the emergence of this new creature was the breakdown of the boundary between life and death. Lifton discusses this idea with special reference to the survivors of Hiroshima, among whom he has done extensive research. The dropping of the atomic bombs was not the first example of large-scale destruction by bombing, but the mystery and uncertainty attached to nearly every aspect of the use of atomic weapons has somehow obscured the most basic boundary of all: the number of people killed at Hiroshima is impossible to assess, and more important, the genetic effects are still unknown. No longer can we be sure of living on through our children, because they may be affected by radiation in such a way that the chain of humanity is broken. Given the scale of physical destruction and cultural disruption, immortality through works is shattered. Even that kind of immortality conferred on us simply by virtue of being part of the life cycle is threatened; one of the most disturbing rumors to sweep through the Hiroshima survivors' camps was that no living organism would grow in their city again.

With these modes of ultimate survival rendered so uncertain, death becomes all the more horrifying. The need for a psychological or spiritual immortality is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intensified, and it is sought in God, in gods or in heroes. In this way new religions sprang up in the survivors' camps, and there has been a religious revival in the United States—the country where the fear of nuclear extinction seems most oppressive—which has taken the forms of drugs, evangelism, scientology, and a search for revolutionary heroes. "Che Lives!" expresses the desire not only for personal immortality but for the immortality of one's beliefs in a "permanent revolution."

Nowhere is the desire for this particular form of immortality more evident than in China, and Lifton devotes a chapter to the Great Chinese Proletarian Revolution. The slogans and the psalms of that movement illustrate the devotion that the Chinese militants give to Mao Tse-tung and the inspiration he gives them. "May the revolutionary regime stay red for ten thousand generations" is a plea for the immortality of revolutionary fervor. The regime must not merely stay in power, it must stay *Red*. On October 1 of this year, placards were carried in the 21st Anniversary Parade that read: "May Chairman Mao live a very long time." At the age of 77, this is a biological, but not a theological impossibility, because Mao can live on through his teaching, in much the same way that Christ "lives" for Christians. Mao, who has survived the Long March, assassination attempts, and power struggles is, to quote Lifton, "the death-conquering hero . . . the embodiment of Chinese immortality." Mao the survivor has personally blurred the boundary between life and death.

Although it is the dropping of the atomic bombs to which Lifton attributes the breakdown of boundaries, he is careful not to blame scientists, military men or politicians as such. But he does write about a disease—nuclearism—whose symptom is a frightening verbal devotion to the nuclear deterrent principle. Lifton quotes some reactions to atomic testing: "This great iridescent cloud and its mushroom top . . . is actually a protective umbrella, which will forever shield mankind everywhere against the threat of annihilation in any atomic war." Suddenly the purveyor of death has become the guarantor of life! Or, "One felt as though he had been privileged to witness the birth of the world." These are the responses of men who, in the author's terms, cannot face the breakdown of boundaries—responses of *faith*, at the very moment that what they believe in is being destroyed.

Another psychological disorder of the post-Hiroshima age is "psychic numbing." "In Hiroshima, a defense

NEW DIRECTIONS

HAYDEN CARRUTH
For You. Five long poems. *Cloth*, $5.95; *Paper*, $1.95

GREGORY CORSO
Elegiac Feelings American. Poems. *Paper*, $2.25

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI
Mexican Night. Travel journal. *Paper*, $1.50

ROBINSON JEFFERS
Cawdor and Medea. A long verse narrative and his version of Euripides' *Medea*. *Paper*, $2.45

EZRA POUND
The Cantos. Cantos 1-117, one volume. *Cloth*, $12
Selected Cantos. Pound's selection. *Paper*, $1.95

OMAR POUND
Arabic and Persian Poems. Translations from classical Arabic and Persian poetry. $7.50; $1.95

KENNETH REXROTH
Love and the Turning Year. One hundred more poems from the Chinese. $5.50; $1.95

GARY SNYDER
Regarding Wave. New poems. $4.75; $1.75

W. C. WILLIAMS
Voyage to Pagany. First novel (1928), long unavailable. $7.95; $2.95. Imaginations. Early works: *Spring & All, Descent of Winter, Kora in Hell* & others, Ed. by Webster Schott. *Cloth*, $10.00

OTHER PAPERBOOKS:
Henry Miller: *The Air-Conditioned Nightmare*, $2.45; Kenneth Patchen: *Out of the World of Kenneth Patchen (Because It Is, But Even So, Doubleheader, Hallelujah Anyway)*, Slipcased, $5.50; Kenneth Rexroth: *Collected Longer Poems*, $2.45; Tennessee Williams: *Camino Real*, $1.95

Please request complete catalog

NEW DIRECTIONS 333 Sixth Ave. N.Y. N.Y. 10014

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mechanism called forth by people exposed to the bomb was simply to cease to feel, that is, to become psychologically desensitized." This process is not peculiar to Hiroshima survivors. Professionally, doctors, nurses and morticians must develop a certain amount of psychic numbing, and it would be impossible for all of us to digest each day's news if we were not psychically numb to many of the tragedies of the world. But we are becoming increasingly desensitized in this way, and are either afraid of it or proud of it. The spilling of blood in anti-war activity and the use of horrifyingly explicit images of atrocities is counterpointed by talk of "nuking the Chinks" and "bombing them back to the Stone Age." Both postures indicate how inured we have become to violence. Television brings destruction into our homes, and we remain largely indifferent because nuclearism has made death both intimate and indirect. Paradoxically, public tolerance of some forms of sanctioned violence (the death penalty, corporal punishment) has diminished even as our capacity to inflict death has increased and the means of doing so have become more remote.

Lifton claims that out of all this will emerge a New History. It has not yet come into being, and perhaps it will be recognizable only in retrospect. Almost a quarter of a century after Hiroshima, man has set foot on the moon—and again broken down our definitions and our boundaries. Just as we all are, symbolically, survivors of Hiroshima, we all, symbolically, have reached the moon. Science, which seems so precise and well ordered, has in this case been an agent of formlessness and disorder. One is the more grateful for Robert Jay Lifton's book, and its determined attempt to help us understand so that we may not fear. □

From Maine to Kentucky

FARMING: A Handbook. *By Wendell Berry. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 118 pp. $4.95.*

MARGINS. *By Philip Booth. The Viking Press. 98 pp. $5.95.*

ROBERTS W. FRENCH
Mr. French is associate editor of The Massachusetts Review. *He is editing* T. S. Eliot: The Critical Heritage.

In their new books, Wendell Berry and Philip Booth begin in much the same place, under the shadow of Henry David Thoreau. On page 4 of *Farming: A Handbook,* Berry describes the labors of clearing stones from a field, then asks: "What bond have I made with the earth, / having worn myself against it?" On page 4 of *Margins,* Booth describes the labors of clearing out the woods around his home, then says: "I love this land / By the salt sweat it costs to own it whole." One thinks of Thoreau describing the labors of his bean field: "I came to love my rows, my beans, though so many more than I wanted. They attached me to the earth, and so I got strength like Antaeus."

They attached me to the earth. It is the experience of such attachment that Wendell Berry writes about in *Farming: A Handbook.* Indeed, the book has little to say about anything else; as much as any I can recall in recent years, it is a book of a single theme, played without significant variation. Berry has something he very badly wants to tell us. He said it in *The Long-Legged House,* a book of essays published in 1969, he said it again in *The Hidden Wound* (1970), an essay centered upon the author's experience of racism, and he says it yet once more in his new poems. The insistent didacticism becomes tiring; one soon gets the message:

Men's negligence and their
fatuous ignorance and abuse
have made a hardship of this earth.
("The Wages of History")

The world as men have made it is an
ungainly
hardship that comes of forgetting
there is other life than men have made.
("The Heron")

The cities have forgot the earth,
and they will rot at heart
till they remember it again.
("A Letter")

What men have done, however, must be compared with what men *could* do; and here again Berry is explicit. He comes to us with a cure for our ills. In prose, he has put it this way: "Man cannot be independent of nature. In one way or another he must live in relation to it, and there are only two alternatives: the way of the frontiersman, whose response to nature was to dominate it, to assert his presence by destroying it; or the way of Thoreau, who went to the natural places to become quiet in them, to learn from them, to be restored by them"

If Nixon is really ending the war, then

WHY ARE WE still IN VIETNAM?

Edited by SAM BROWN & LEN ACKLAND

INTRODUCTION—Mayor John V. Lindsay

Contents
NIXON'S WAR—Jeffrey Record
THE NIXON STRATEGY—George McT. Kahin
CRISIS OF LEGITIMACY —D. Gareth Porter
THE DESTRUCTION OF A SOCIETY —Tran Van Dinh
VIETNAM: THE HUMAN COSTS —Jerry M. Tinker
ECOCIDE IN VIETNAM—J. B. Neilands
THE END OF AMERICAN INNOCENCE —Edmund Stillman
THE WAR AND THE ECONOMY —Robert Eisner
A PROGRAM FOR DISENGAGEMENT —Senator George McGovern
HUMILITY, YES, HUMILIATION, NO —Seyom Brown

Vintage paperback, $1.95;
Clothbound $5.95
Now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*The Long-Legged House*). Berry's way is Thoreau's way, and the pattern of his poems reflects it; the characteristic Berry poem gives us a catalogue of observed phenomena followed by a meditative reflection of some kind. In the twelve-line poem, "March 22, 1968," for example, one can gain some idea of the whole merely by listing key nouns: *spring . . . the river . . . uprooted trees . . . dawn . . . snow . . . The ducks . . . The jonquils . . . The plow.* Then the conclusion: "In the night I lay awake, thinking / of the river rising, the spring heavy / with official meaningless deaths." The pattern is loosely organized and far from inevitable, with a consequent loss of intensity. The poem just sits there, like an offhand remark, and one is not tempted to go back to it.

Essentially, Berry's poems are pastorals of withdrawal, advising us to retreat to the earth, where salvation may be found. "February 2, 1968" is an accurate summary of his attitude:

In the dark of the moon, in flying snow, in the dead of winter,
war spreading, families dying, the world in danger,
I walk the rocky hillside, sowing clover.

The image of sowing is central and recurrent. What can a man do in times of crisis? He can enrich the earth. Berry appears to be quite serious about this:

I will purge my mind of the airy claims
of church and state, and observe the ancient wisdom
of tribesman and peasant, who understood
they labored on earth only to lie down in it
in peace, and were content. I will serve the earth
and not pretend my life could be better served.

Well, said Candide, we should cultivate our gardens; but it may be our heads that we are burying in the dirt. What Berry is talking about, finally, is a sense of *culture*. As he writes in *The Hidden Wound*, again stressing the wisdom of tribesmen and peasants: "Going day after day about the work of my little farm, I began to have a sense of the thousands of acts, properly honored and understood generation after generation, that are necessary to surround man with a culture sufficient to his life in a given place. In such a culture man's every act would be as ritualistic, as rich in association, as aware of being a repetition of the previous acts, as the agriculture of peasantries and Indian tribes." Faced with the monstrous creations of our technological age, one can well understand this longing for a primitive Golden Age; but one may also ask whether such longing is anything more than an escape into pastoral idealization. "Better than any argument," writes the poet, "is to rise at dawn / and pick dew-wet red berries in a cup." Better than *any* argument? It all seems a bit facile, and somewhat irresponsible.

Speaking as one who has admired much of Berry's previous work, I must conclude, reluctantly, that this book is a mistake. It comes too soon after the last one (*Openings*, 1968), and it contains too many poems that might better have been kept back for further revision and further tightening. Within its 118 pages is included a tedious 30-page verse drama which seems to have been put in as padding. Much of the writing in the book is diffuse and slack; the memorable lines are few. The book preaches incessantly at us, urging us to marriage with the earth. Whatever the attractions of the idea, one soon has enough of it.

The first poem in Philip Booth's book might have been written by Berry. Entitled "Letter from a Distant Land," it is a verse letter to Thoreau, saying with simple eloquence the sort of thing we might expect:

So far, your Concord has seen four more wars.

Have you discovered Columbia Journalism Review?

A unique quarterly devoted to in-depth criticism and analysis of journalism and society.

Subscribe NOW and receive FREE issue!

In The Fall, 1970 Issue:

IS MUCKRAKING COMING BACK?
Carey McWilliams, Editor, *Nation*

WHY WE LACK A NATIONAL PRESS COUNCIL
Norman E. Isaacs, Past President, American Society of Newspaper Editors

SALVAGING THE PRESIDENTIAL PRESS CONFERENCE
(With an exclusive survey of Washington Bureau Chiefs)
Jules Witcover, Author, "The Resurrection of Richard Nixon"

'TRIPPING' ON THE DRUG SCENE
Marion K. Sanders, Contributing Editor, *Harper's*

PR MANIPULATION AND BIAFRA
Karen Rothmyer, Reporter for AP

BEDLAM ON CAMPUS?
The image and the reality of student disorders.

THE UNDERGROUND GI PRESS
What post newspapers don't say.

COLUMBIA JOURNALISM REVIEW
707 J-Bldg., Columbia University, New York, N.Y. 10027
Send me the current issue free and enter a subscription as follows:
☐ 1 year, $6 ☐ 2 years, $11 ☐ 3 years, $15
Add 50¢ per year for delivery outside the U.S.
Name _____
Street _____
City _____
☐ check enclosed ☐ bill me N 01

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vegetables are high. The streets are filled
with tourists; cheap people in expensive cars
patrol the Sunday roads. An acre sold in 1849 sells now two hundred times the price. Lexington is houses sprawled on desert-dusty streets with fertile names.
The arrogant inherit lust. Everywhere, thick rows of sportsmen fish polluted streams,
or hunt the posted woods of their own fear.

But this is an early poem, written in 1955; it is not characteristic. There is considerable variety in Booth's *Margins*, perhaps inevitably, since the book is a gathering of selections from previous volumes (twenty-eight poems), as well as a collection of new poems (twenty-three). Booth may start in the same place as Berry, with Thoreau, but he soon moves out in a different direction.

Yet he is, like Berry, very much a poet of *place*. Berry's place is the wood and farmland of Kentucky, and he insists that a man can find himself in a place and call it his only when he is willing to give himself to it. His central metaphor, again, is that of *sowing*, the enriching of the earth. Booth's place is the Maine coast, and he seems not at all sure that a man can find himself there or anywhere else, for the world is not so easily to be tamed and made friendly. Booth's landscapes are ominous, forbidding, and *his* central metaphor is, significantly, that of the tide. For what it is worth, I pass along the information that the words "tide," "tidal" or "ebb" appear in eighteen of the last thirty-eight poems, and not at all in the first thirteen. Throughout much of the book, then, the metaphor appears almost obsessive, as it should be; for Booth is much concerned with the ebb and flow of things. The opening poems stress instead the theme of waking and sleeping, but that is another sort of ebb and flow:

Awake where my eyes adjust
to the dark, I stand frozen now,
and I begin to see.

The great ebb and flow, of course, is that of time; it rolls in from the future and recedes into the past, and men stand for a while poised against its rhythms. The idea of *margins* embodies this theme precisely, for Booth is writing about people at the edge, on the borders, where the margin of life is sharply outlined against all that lies beyond. Appropriately, these poems are placed against a background of fog, snow, cold winds and the open sea. In its essentials—and Booth is concerned with nothing but essentials—the view we are given is bleak and bare; we live in a hostile universe, and that is a fact that cannot be changed, struggle as we will.

. . . No
matter what new disasters to come, you must shape

your course into the breakers as though it were the whole world, not just a strip of blown sand you happen to be cast up on.

Booth's style is as unadorned as his landscapes. The lines are short; words seem to be spoken grudgingly, in taut, controlled rhythms. The structures are tightly woven, so much so that one must quote whole poems, since it is difficult to find sections that will stand by themselves. Here is the shortest poem:

The late fog, lifting.
A first wind, risen.
The long tide, at ebb.

And cast off finally,
into that routine hope,
the fishboats: going out.

It is all there, the fog, the wind, the tide, the bleak pursuits. As the fish boats go out, so do we all. □

A Choice of Myths

THE EXPERIENCE OF NOTHINGNESS. *By Michael Novak. Harper & Row. 147 pp. $5.95.*

NAKED I LEAVE. *By Michael Novak. The Macmillan Co. 233 pp. $5.95.*

RICHARD W. FOX
Mr. Fox is a graduate student in Yale's Department of Religious Studies. For the past three years he has been doing research on radical political movements in the Third World.

Michael Novak is a religious philosopher, an artist and an educator: one vocation, not three. He is a truly creative thinker at a time when American religious thought is dominated by fads—the secular city, "religionless" Christianity, the death of God, the theology of "hope," Marxist-Christian dialogue—which come and go with the unfailing regularity of the *Time* articles that capsulize and dispose of them.

Novak is writing out of the Catholic tradition (or, better, traditions), especially those of Aquinas and St. John of the Cross, but that alone could not account for the character of his insights into our cultural and philosophical situation. His study of the medieval tradition does give him valuable leverage as against a merely contemporary view of things. But he has also appropriated, successively, the horizon of the analytical, pragmatic philosopher of liberal academia (five years at Harvard after leaving the seminary in 1960), and that of the humanistic radical of the California Bay Area (three years at Stanford). Two of his earlier books, *Belief and Unbelief* (1965) and *A Theology for Radical Politics* (1968) are confrontations with and partial assimilations of those respective standpoints, both of which he rejects. (It should be added that his background in the lower-middle class of Pennsylvania's mining valleys may have armed him against the elitism of many liberal intellectuals and New Leftists.)

In his novel, *Naked I Leave*, and his philosophical essay, *The Experience of Nothingness*, Novak follows the course of Camus: an imaginative living through of a series of experiences (the novel) and subsequent reflection upon those experiences (the essay). His philosophical work centers not upon concepts, words, verbal puzzles or intellectual processes—subjects that preoccupy both analytical and neo-Thomist philosophers—but upon the symbols, rituals and stories that furnish the frame in which men act. The *theoretical* problem, for Novak, is not how to reconcile thought and action but how to distinguish intelligent action from unintelligent action. His solution is to elucidate the myths or stories which men act out ("all action is dramatic"), and to discern which myths, composed of which symbols, best enable a man to live honestly, charitably and beautifully. This requires, of course, a community effort, since one man can at best elucidate the myths according to which he himself has acted. Sharing their stories—none of which is, or can be, "objectively true"—men like Novak and his students educate one another, draw out from one another their respective horizons and styles of action, and possibly create new myths to guide still further intelligent forms of action.

Naked I Leave, "fiction masked as autobiography," is "the odyssey of a Catholic in our society." Jon Svoboda (his surname is the Slovakian word for "freedom") has the Catholic's love of the earthly, the bodily, the natural—the Catholic's "constant flirtation with animality." He acts according to the myth of the God who became flesh, who so *graced* the world with his presence that bodily processes, instincts, cravings can never be dirty, worldly, unholy. His is a God who has solved the mind-body

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problem. Svoboda lacks the Protestant's concern for duty, law and social restraint.

At the outset he is or seems free, undetermined. Naked with his friends on a brilliantly white Mediterranean beach, he is at ease in his body and in nature. He is launched on a quest for experience of everything, for tasting life in all its delicious variety. He sleeps with Sarah and Laura: American Protestants, intelligent but calculating, not at home in their skins. "Laura lived through her body, not in it." He knows Vittoria and finally Nadya: European Catholics, closer to the earth, acquainted with suffering, responsive to the touch and to the spirit.

But he becomes aware of the ambiguity of the sexual act, "the central expression of morality, the delicate encounter, not of bodies, but of persons. . . . When emotions are out of harmony . . . the act of love can become heartless, brutal, and cold."

He sees that his thirst for experience cannot be satisfied unless he finds the girl who is "capable of love, not the love that assuages loneliness, for there is no love like that, but a love that . . . allows you to be free." With Nadya he seeks that "common struggle for self-liberation." Or does he unconsciously yearn for an attractive "adjunct, an aide-de-camp, to help me run my show"? Nadya senses that he does, and fears for her own career. The tale ends as the web of ambiguity is thickest. Can two people be joined and remain free? Freedom (relativity, undeterminedness) as a cultural condition and freedom (liberation) as a goal: Svoboda. The God who became flesh and the pursuit of a love that remains free are his chosen primary myths.

Svoboda's quest is experiential. It is not an intellectual quest for conceptual truth or a theological quest for God. Neither of those possibilities occurs to him, because the experience of nothingness is already a part of his horizon.

The Experience of Nothingness is not a book about the concept of nothingness. It is a book about an experience which cannot adequately be put into words, but which can be shown or pointed at. To put it abstractly, it is the coming to an awareness of the relativity of all human standpoints. Put another way, it is an awareness of "the tide urging the conscious self to shape its own confusion by projecting myths." The shattering fact is that every standpoint, whether of an individual or of a society, is mythical—grounded neither in God, nor being, nor truth. Each society, each individual, unconsciously inherits, and in some cases chooses, a particular way of ordering experience. "What they select from the primal flood as 'real' defines

A MERE $10* BRINGS YOU FORTY ISSUES OF BRITAIN'S LEADING VIEWSPAPER

BY AIR

(*that's less than half newsstand price — saving $14)

— or only $5 by surface mail
— saving $7.30

For more than half a century the NEW STATESMAN has been famous throughout the world for its astringent comment on the current scene, for the independence of its views, cogently and forcefully argued by authoritative writers in every field: views on politics and economics, views on social affairs, views on books, plays, films, music, the visual arts – views often provocative, always expert. Hence the well-deserved sobriquet 'Britain's leading viewspaper'. Hardly an eminent writer from Bernard Shaw and Arnold Bennett to Robert Graves and V S Pritchett has not contributed to the columns of the NEW STATESMAN. Hardly a distinguished statesman or educator has not read it. Almost daily it is quoted in the world's press and on radio and television. Join the growing number of Americans who take this weekly mental tonic. For just $10 you may have forty weekly issues of the NEW STATESMAN sent to you by air direct from London. Just send off the coupon and within days your first copy will arrive: no need to send any money now – we'll bill you. (By surface mail it costs only $5 – but takes a little longer.)

NEW STATESMAN

Edited by R H S Crossman

For an informed view of British life and British politics, for a British view of America's politics and culture, for a window on the whole world scene, thinking people take the NEW STATESMAN direct by air from London every week.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

To: NEW STATESMAN N
Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, England

Please send me the New Statesman for 40 weeks
BY AIR ($10) ☐ Surface ($5) ☐
I enclose $10 ☐ $5 ☐ Please bill me ☐
(Check appropriate boxes)

Block letters or type please

Name _____

Address _____

State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their myth; their sense of reality is only one selected story."

It is the burden of Novak's essay to describe several dominant myths in America—those, for example, of objectivity, of individual isolation, and of "revolution now"—and then to "seduce" his readers and his students by the myth of "the drive to question." That is the impulse which is at the source of the experience of nothingness (one questions the "reality" of one's inherited or previously chosen myths) and of the creation and criticism of new myths: which myth, composed of which symbols, best enables me to live honestly, charitably and beautifully?

The experience of nothingness, says Novak, is an incomparably fruitful starting point for a contemporary ethic. The work of Michael Novak bears rare fruit for the contemporary student of man. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

The stratification of musical audiences being what it is, one must consider it probable that Stravinsky's *Les Noces*, although frequently offered to the ballet public in recent years, remains a novelty to the New York Philharmonic's subscribers. In fact, the work has not been heard in local concert halls since the composer himself conducted it at Town Hall in 1959, although its trivialized derivative, Carl Orff's *Carmina burana*, is one of the most frequently played of "modern" scores.

Novelty, however, was not the only unusual aspect of the Philharmonic's presentation of *Les Noces* at the concerts of October 1-5, under the direction of Leonard Bernstein. Since the work is scored for vocal quartet, chorus, four pianists and percussion, hardly any members of the orchestra itself were involved in the performance; and the imported soloists, chorus and pianists were largely familiar with the work as regular participants in the American Ballet Theatre's staged performances (which were originally conducted by Bernstein). As a result, only a minimum expenditure of rehearsal time was required, and that is certainly a tangible advantage from management's point of view. But it is important to note also that many central works of the contemporary tradition are scored for such unconventional ensembles and have thus remained unknown to the symphony audience. (Incidentally, at the performance I attended—the final one of the series—there was no evidence of the electronic amplification that had been tried, with apparently disastrous results, the preceding Thursday.)

Another aspect of the rehearsal-time problem—and this time, from the composer's point of vantage (or, perhaps, advantage)—was suggested by Krzysztof Penderecki's *Utrenja*, given its New York première on September 29 by the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Temple University Choirs, conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Since the orchestra takes part in only a small portion of *Utrenja*, the major burden of its preparation fell upon the large (and amateur) chorus. Given the composer's rather relaxed requirements of precision in matters of detail, the work is obviously ready-made for financially strapped American orchestras. In content, both *Utrenja* and *Cosmogony* (premièred at the United Nations anniversary concert on October 24 by the Rutgers University Choir and the Los Angeles Philharmonic under Zubin Mehta) are much like other Penderecki works of recent years, alternating long-held single notes with vast and busy tone clusters; they do little to suggest that this is a rewarding structural principle. In *Utrenja*, a few patches of Slavic liturgical chant (offering comforting associations for the staider members of the audience), some "real live" stereophony (a second chorus placed in the top balcony), and various showy effects supplement the physical impact of the big climaxes, but the continuing musical fabric could not be thinner.

The season's most rewarding première to date occurred at Robert Miller's piano recital on October 18, sponsored

THE HEIR APPARENT

My father's ripped pants,
my grandfather's bulging shoes.
Get used to the patch that covers
the seat of one, his knees
stuffed out with prayers and a kind
of crawling, tight, tight, on a proud man.

And bundle the toes
for those miles of walking
factory floors that turn the world
into one tiny spot with girls
at machines like machines until
his satchels, bursting, spouted laughter,

delights to prank
a country fair. And hair
spun out of the web of my mother,
hair like a nest hatching eggs
of her anger lighting on each thing,
a desert ensuring the eggs' eggs' future.

And plying them all,
bright threads on a loom,
playing them out, then pulling
them taut and, having bitten
off frayed ends, knotting them in,
my grandmother who never admitted America;

she lived in it
as she had lived at home
and traveled over the dizzy sea:
a few familiar rooms, loud
with people needing care, needing
her, oil spread upon the troubled waters.

And I composed of these
and the many nameless, my walk
a bit cramped for the bunioned shoes,
the baggy knees, the hair full of snarls,
but my grandmother tidying up, serving
hot cups of tea. With lemon.

Theodore Weiss

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the League of Composers—International Society for Contemporary Music. Mario Davidovsky's *Synchronisms* for instruments and synthesized sound (the first three of which are recorded on CRI S-204) have consistently offered some of the most imaginative and carefully wrought musical thinking about the problems inherent in such combinations, and the sixth of the series, for piano and tape, proved perhaps the most fascinating of all, with its ingenious aural punning: the tape superimposing new attack characteristics on piano notes or altering their decay patterns. None of this legerdemain would have been feasible without the kind of hair-trigger rhythmic control that Miller commands; here and elsewhere in a demanding program (including Schoenberg's Op. 23, Stravinsky's Serenade, Busoni's Toccata, some Wolpe pieces, and the multi-dimensional virtuosity of Babbitt's *Partitions* and *Post-Partitions*), he demonstrated an extraordinary range of dynamic and articulative subtlety—the level of technique that is indispensable for the achievement of such securely shaped musical conceptions.

The operas of Donizetti that belong to a genre may be best described as "vocal theatre," since the vast majority of their effects are conceived in melodic terms. *Roberto Devereux*, which the New York City Opera revived for soprano Beverly Sills on October 15 (I heard a later performance, on October 24), can muster a few touches of orchestral invention here and there (one must speak tentatively, since all modern performances use an orchestration reconstructed from the piano score), but the substance of the drama lies in the skillful application of the human voice and its display possibilities to a series of relatively simple theatrical situations. For this purpose, the City Opera assembled a more convincing array of singers than had surrounded Miss Sills at last year's presentation of Donizetti's *Lucia*, and the results were decidedly effective. If the soprano sounded at times to be reaching a precarious edge of her resources, there is no denying the care and musicianship of her work, or her ability to command the stage even in a role not basically congenial to her vocal endowment. Her attempt to represent the historical Queen Elizabeth (or perhaps the cinematic one, for her gestures most vividly recalled Bette Davis and Flora Robson) is, I think, misplaced effort—Donizetti can hardly have had any such conception in mind—but it did not often interfere with her delivery of the music. Among the cast, Placido Domingo (as the Earl of Essex) gave most pleasure to the ear, while the eye was well treated by Ming Cho Lee's settings, with their exceptional balance of aesthetic grace and historical suggestiveness. Tito Capobianco was back on the ground where his direction seems most assured: stylized social ritual; there was, happily, no unnecessary embroidery of the action. It has been quite a while since New York's opera stages have offered such a stylish presentation of anything whatsoever. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Goin' Down the Road is Canada's version of *Midnight Cowboy*. As to basic theme, that is; otherwise, it is a much less sensational and ambitious picture. The theme is what really happens to Dick Whittington—to the boy who feels that the town is much too small for him and finds out that the city is much too big. Boys of this sort today are a very different aspect of modern youth from the anti-conformists who so trouble Mr. Nixon. They don't blow pot smoke into the face of the Establishment; their only goal is to grab a hunk of the Establishment, and their folly is to think that this is easy. Indeed, the President would quite approve the aspirations of the pair in Donald Shebib's film, though he would despise their failure. The story told in *Goin' Down the Road* is much older than the revolutionary capers now so widely exploited on the commercial screen; in a different way, it is just as sad.

Goin' Down the Road is not a very good picture, partly because Mr. Shebib and his scriptwriter, William Fruet, have devised such utter incompetents against which to stack the big-city deck. They come larking out of Cape Breton in a jalopy painted with brash slogans and drive west 1,000 miles to conquer Toronto by their nonexistent talents and illusory charm. It is never very profitable to watch a couple of born victims get clobbered.

And the picture, having created its dolts in a vehicle of social realism, must treat them with the most serious solicitude or be accused of cruelty. Thus there is a good deal of implied tongue-clucking as the heroes fall repeatedly and predictably on their faces. They can find only the most miserable jobs—wrestling cases of soda pop, washing cars, acting as pin boys in a bowling alley (the automatic pin setter has evidently not yet ended that special form of slavery across the border). They can

Robert Theobald's

an alternative future for AMERICA II

..."The potentiality for (Theobald's) ideas during this distressed period are ever more dazzling. And in this book, the dazzlement is fully let loose in a series of far-out proposals for experimenting with altered life styles. It may be weeks before I stop trembling."—

Richard Raymond, WHOLE EARTH CATALOG

⅔ of the material in this 2nd edition is new, including the 15-page Working Appendix.
paper $2.00 cloth $6.00

at your bookseller or

THE SWALLOW PRESS INC.
1139 S. WABASH AVENUE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60605

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLICATIONS

COMMUNE DIRECTORY and magazine—$2.00; Directory of Free Schools; Social Change; Personal Growth; Nudist/Sex; $1.00 each. All 5 for $5.00. **Alternatives-N, Drawer A, San Francisco, Calif. 94131.**

KEEP IN TOUCH

with the grass-roots politics
read **THE TRUMPET** every month.

1 year—$1.

P.O.B. 232 **Goleta, Calif. 93017**

'THE PRESS AND THE BAY OF PIGS'

A detailed study by
Victor Bernstein and Jesse Gordon
The role played by **The Nation** in breaking the Bay of Pigs story to the American public, reprinted from the **Columbia University Forum.**

Single copies—15c; 25 copies at 10c each
Orders over 25 at 7c per copy

THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10014

MUSIC

RECORDER, VIOL DA GAMBA MUSIC. Write for free current listings. **Provincetown Bookshop, 246 Commercial St., Provincetown, Mass. 02657.**

FREE 64 PAGE CATALOG offers hundreds of recordings of rare **Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music.** Introductory records as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings. In Stereo only. **MHS Records, Box 932-NA, New York City 10023.**

FOR RENT

SOUTHERN BERKSHIRES: 2½ hours from N. Y. 3 bedroom house, heated, den, fireplace, on 6½ acres. For couple or responsible family. Near all ski areas. Alternate weekends, December to April, $950. **Box 646, c/o The Nation.**

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 11/9/70
333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ One Year, $12.50
☐ Two Years, $23.00
☐ 6 Months, $7.50

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed

(Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign)

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State .....Zip No.....

THE BALER

You tourist composed upon my fence
to watch a quaint farmer at his quaint task
come closer, bring your camera here
or fasten your telescopic lens
if you're too indolent; all I ask
is that when you go home you take
a close-up among your color slides
of vacationland, to show we pay the price
for hay, this actual panic, no politic fear
but tumbling wild waves down the windrows, tides
of crickets, grasshoppers, meadow mice,
and half-feathered sparrows, whipped by a bleeding snake.

Hayden Carruth

attract the favors only of girls no more promising than themselves (though the more aspiring of the two tries a wistful turn or two in more demanding company), and when the duller boy gets his girl pregnant and persists in marrying her, he makes his desperate position quite hopeless by taking a flat recommended by daydreams and furnishing it on time. Inevitably, the film drags as the inevitable occurs to sad music.

And yet it never quite dies, because Doug McGrath and Paul Bradley (and Jayne Eastwood, who plays the latter's bride) are persuasive and moving actors. The lives of their characters are too insignificant for comment, but they make you know they are intensely important to the people concerned. The supermarket swindle the boys try to pull is contemptibly petty and inept, and yet what else could they have done to shake off their misery? They have to keep pretending to each other—that is what makes them touching, though obviously not tragic.

I hesitate to recommend *Goin' Down the Road,* for it brings little except absolute conviction to a dreary old story. But conviction will carry a picture at least part of the way home. You might not think yourself edified—certainly not much entertained—by Mr. Shebib's movie, but you would believe every sorry minute of it. I've seen a lot of pictures that tried for more and got less.

Claude Chabrol's *This Man Must Die* operates a plot of irreducible simplicity, which is a virtue in a chase melodrama: a little boy is killed at a crossing by a hit-and-run driver and the widowed father determines to hunt down and execute the killer. But in such a case, plot alone is not enough to maintain the entertainment; one expects some ingenuity of circumstance and some originality of personal relationships. Nicholas Blake, from whose fiction the picture is taken, usually supplies such attractions, and I wonder if they were leached out in the adaptation. I didn't mind that, unable to invent a plausible device for setting the father on his victim's trail, the script blandly states that coincidences are more frequent in life than we realize, and then proceeds to supply one. It's true, they do occur quite often, and in any case I supposed that this was not an exercise in meticulous puzzle making, but rather a psychological thriller.

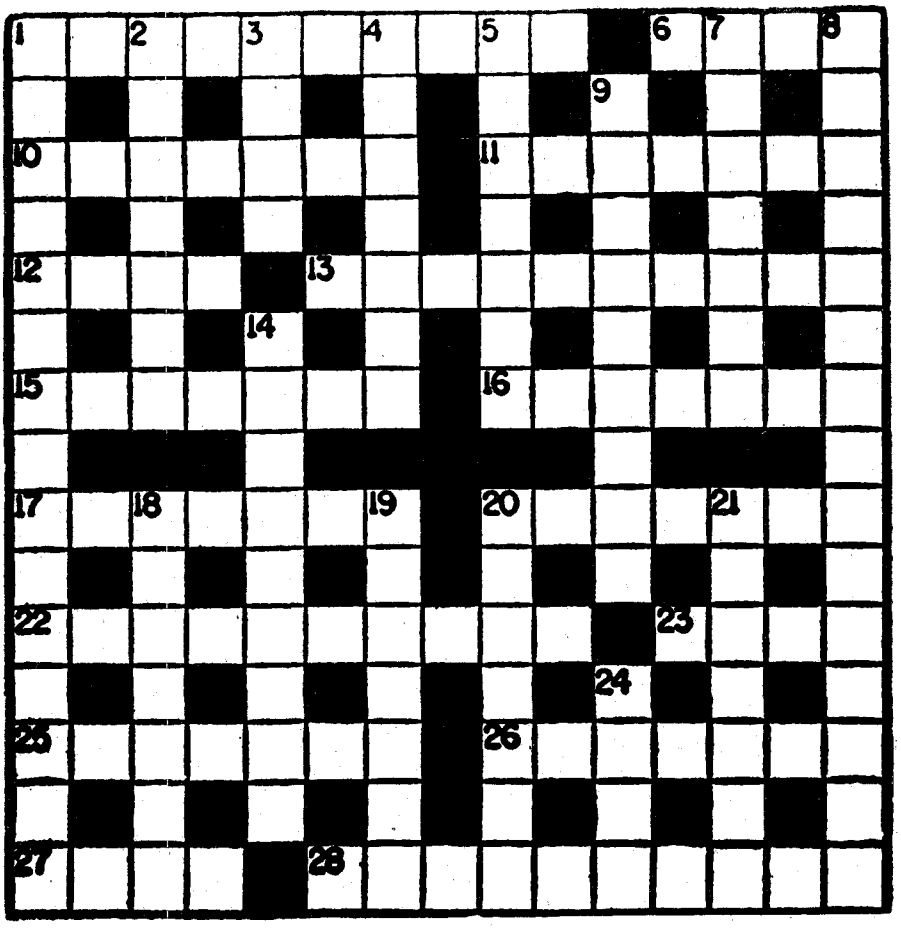
Unfortunately, the psychology does not develop. Michel Duchaussoy, who plays the bereft hunter, maintains from beginning to end an attitude of queasy impassivity that may be proper for his state of mind, but is dramatically meager. Worse, I think, his prey (Jean Yanne) is so extreme a beast that killing him is no more than an act of sanitation. The father has an affair with his victim's sister-in-law (Caroline Cellier), and that, according to rote, begins as a calculation and ends in intimations of genuine love. He strikes up a rapport with the son of his enemy which is in part a substitution for the son he has lost and in part a conspiracy of hate. There is a senile mother whose doting abets Yanne's monstrous behavior, and a wife made numb by relentless humiliation. Such characters can be ordered from any fiction shop. I won't reveal the device whereby the father proposes to hoodwink the police, but it builds no suspense because we don't know what his intention is until the astute local inspector has instantly penetrated the ruse.

The film is set for the most part in Quimper and along the coast of Brittany, and Chabrol uses scenery extremely well to enhance an atmosphere of terror. But scenery alone cannot sustain that sort of thing. I kept waiting for *This Man Must Die* to develop some cat-and-mouse business and stop boring me with reportorial details and emotional platitudes. The picture has a good deal of visual style, but as a human adventure it is dowdy. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1367

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Pressing too hotly might, if you want to make a case of it. (6,4)
6 Takes the sparkle out of those that are not very bright? (4)
10 Whitman's moon was this, and silent. (7)
11 and 24 down Prudent partner in the way of the office? (11)
12 A number of Romans about to exist in the Alps and Apennines. (4)
13 Release from consequences. (10)
15 One probably isn't quite ready for the charge. (7)
16 Hippy? (7)
17 Equivalent to the back room associated with the stage. (7)
20 Town in French, else American (7)
22 You might find them all but last, or a set of counters. (10)
23 See 3 down.
25 Trapper, perhaps, in the recent ice run-off. (7)
26 A smile's possibly associated with the wife of Periander. (7)
27 Spring the sound of it, and you might be sorry it's a plant. (4)
28 A lot of fire at the dance possibly held in the gymnasium. (10)

DOWN

1 Evidently no talking about the garden, at least by some occupants. (7,4,4)
2 Those who might join arms and legs together? (7)
3 and 23 across Sailors should be used to hoodlum methods. (8)
4 Dessert included in perhaps her better efforts? (7)
5 Not very religious, but possibly giving the devil his due! (7)
7 A rather severe way to bind legally. (7)
8 Certainly not the best man, by the sound of it, but might include the newspapers, etc. (6-5,4)
9 Lit the mill, in due course. (9)
14 An obstruction in basic animal matter, where supposedly unwanted material is kept out of circulation? (4,5)
18 Is what he does supposed to be frequent? (7)
19 The province of train assembly has nothing to begin or end with. (7)
20 By which one might travel sort of lame, but the effect is sweet. (7)
21 Town where they might produce something larger than Tchaikovsky's ballet? (7)
24 See 11 across.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1366

ACROSS: 1 Safeties; 5 Cloche; 10 Leave; 11 Shorthand; 12 Overdue; 13 She-bear; 14 Played; 15 Postern; 18 Notices; 21 Cubits; 24 Hosanna; 26 Ice-free; 27 Jordanian; 28, 29 and 30 Death before dishonor. DOWN: 1 and 7 Salmon Chase; 2 Flageolet; 3 Tuesday; 4 East End; 6 Letters; 8 Enduring; 9 Gossip; 16 Entertain; 17 On the job; 19 Centaur; 20 Stalin; 21 Chianti; 22 Breadth; 23 Lecher; 25 Serif.

PERSONALS

ECOLOGY CRAFT—Feed birds this winter. Bird feeder kit; wrenhouse; robin shelter; (includes seed). $3.00 each. **D. Broida, 53-N Ridge, Greenbelt, Md. 20770**

WRY IDEAS — Exuberant new catalog 25c (deductible from first order). **Wry Idea Co., Box 178-T, Rye, N. Y. 10580.**

POSTERS (over 175, many anti-war), BUTTONS (over 225), **BUMPERSTICKERS, PEACE JEWELRY AND EARRINGS.** Wholesale and retail. Free catalogue. **A BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103.**

MAN CANNOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE . . . Needs love. Repeal all anti-contraceptive laws everywhere. **POB 4069, N. Y. C. 10017.**

ABOLISH ALL ABORTION LAWS including New York's. The right of each adult human to own his or her own body is the paramount moral law, without exception.—**AAAL, POB 36122, Los Angeles, 90036.**

MANHATTAN PREGNANCY ADVISORY SERVICE. Abortion information, counselling and referrals to New York hospitals and hospital-affiliated clinics. **Call (212) 288-4500.**

A SERIOUS MATTER

Everyone who has dealt with children realizes you must divide your attention among all those present.

Everyone—except teachers. Teachers pet the children who make life easy for them by learning quickly. And bark at the others.

Since the great God of the current teaching "profession" has become Mammon, instead of Minerva, this is no surprise.

Where are the neglected and humiliated children to get the attention they need and deserve?

They can't get it after hours since TV takes up all those hours.

Would it constitute a national tragedy if we banned TV on Tuesdays and Wednesdays?

The wise parent locks up his TV set at Monday noon, and doesn't reopen it until Friday noon.

But national policy cannot be dictated by the wise; it must be a compromise between the wise and the others.

Let's not develop a snubbing society.

DAVID KORETZ, P.O. Box 733, Detroit, Mich. 48231

ALTERNATIVE STYLES OF BUYING? YES! From individuals, groups, communes, communities, supporting their efforts to bring **Peace** and **Human Dignity** by selling products through **COMMUNITY MARKET.** Illustrated catalog 25 cents. **849 Edkin Street, West Chester, Penna. 19380.**

SERVICES

BOOK PRINTING — Paperbacks, hardcover, pamphlets. As few as 200 copies. Quality printing at Budget Prices. Free details. **Box 285N, Floral Park, N. Y. 11001.**

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

MOVING can be pleasant. Call **LAKETON VANS.** Licensed, insured, reliable. Low Rates. **(212) 672-5092.**

ADVERTISING RATES
Classified: 74c a line (6 words) 3 line min.
Classified Display: $7.42 per inch (min.)
THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 10014
242-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GUILTY

We at The NATION are guilty—guilty
of conspiring to tell the truth.
Join the conspiracy!

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014

FREE OFFER: We'll send you THE NATION free each week for two weeks—or, if you wish to subscribe now, we'll extend your normal subscription by four bonus issues.

☐ I'll join the good fight for **1 year** (48 issues) plus four bonus issues. I enclose $12.50.

☐ I'll try you for **two issues,** free of charge.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

N 11-9

The good fight is now in THE NATION —Why not join now?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED